Vol. L. No. 5 May, 1914

The Ecclesiastical Review

A Monthly Publication for the Clergy Cum Approbatione Superiorum

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AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW
1305 Arch Street THE DOLPHIN PRESS Philadelphia, Pa.

Copyright, 1914: American Ecclesiastical Review—The Dolphin Press
Subscription Price: United States and Canada, $3.50; Foreign, 15 shillings ($3.65)
London, England: R. & T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster Row Melbourne, Australia: W. P. Linehan, 309 Little Collins St.
Entered, 5 June, 1889, as Second Class Matter, Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of 3 March, 1879

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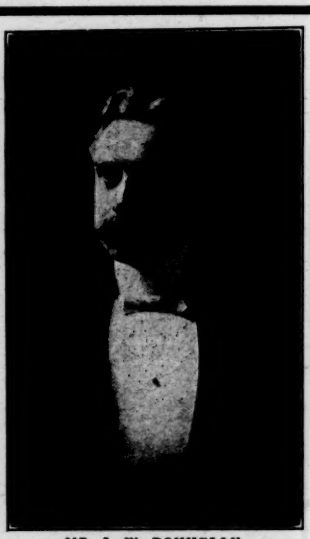

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Twenty-Five Cents a Copy, postpaid.

American Ecclesiastical Review
The Dolphin Press
1305 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW

FIFTH SERIES.—VOL. X.—(L).—MAY, 1914.—NO. 5.

BIOGRAPHERS V. BOY SAINTS.

BOYS sometimes have difficulties with boy saints. Grown-up saints the boy will accept unhesitatingly and trust unreservedly; partly because they *are* grown-ups, experienced souls, able out of sheer strength to afford needed protection; and partly because, if there is an obscure side to their lives the boy will readily concede that youth lacks the insight for a full appreciation of age. He will rest content with appreciating the grown-up saint from a single point of view, and, satisfied with his protector on one essential point, will judge that all the others proportionally measure up to it.

When it comes to the boy saint, however, the case is different. Here the boy feels himself more capable of an all-round estimate. He is not awed by superior age, or size, or manly prowess. The round of life covered by the boy saint is one with which he is himself familiar. Home life, studies, games, boyish adventures, temptations, the sacraments and prayer, companions—all of these are the very tools the boy himself works with. It is a familiar atmosphere to him, and he feels accordingly that here at least he need take nothing for granted. Here he can approach the saint from many points of view.

He chooses out some particular boy saint and studies him with the intention of becoming his close friend. And then the unexpected happens. He comes away bewildered, discouraged, disappointed, and with the half-rebellious feeling away inside of him somewhere—a feeling he doesn't like to acknowledge—that there are no such things as boy saints.

"He may be a saint all right," a boy once grumbled to me, "but he never was a boy."

In fact, we find the average boy often fastening on the idea that a boy saint is a sort of pious image, with nothing to bother him, and with no temptation of any sort to ruffle the serenity of his marmoreal attitude; a being aloof from real life, at least from real boy life; a stranger to hard knocks and noisy games; a dry, uninteresting, bloodless being, oblivious of all human ties, human ideas, human loves. "Wooden!" is perhaps the one unspoken word he feels that best hits off his internal conviction about boy saints.

Now he gets this conviction from two sources principally—from pictures and from books. In the picture he sees the saint with heaven-rapt or downcast countenance; hair closely cropped; wearing a surplice; skull and crossbones on his right; a prince's crown pushed away on his left; the saint's gaze irrevocably fixed upon a crucifix; and the boy says: "This is very grand, and very high. But too high for me." The picture dismays him.

Of course, he does not reflect that the picture may not at all be the likeness of the saint, or that the saint was never in such an attitude in his life. He does not realize the necessarily limited scope of a picture; that the painter is here trying to accomplish that most difficult of artistic tasks—symbolizing; that the attitude and the paraphernalia are not intended to represent realities. He does not see that the painter is trying to give a likeness, not of the body, but of the soul. He looks for reality, and suspects no mystic meaning. The allegory of the picture escapes the boy, and its mysticism puts the painting over his head in more senses than one. It requires a Raphael or a Murillo to paint for boys.

Then the books about saints, the boy's other source of information. A far more fertile source, since the author has much more room for detail than the painter, and can view the saint from many sides successively. Nevertheless, the percentage of satisfactory lives of the saints remains astonishingly low. It is, of course, a platitude to say that the life of a saint is the very hardest biography that can be attempted. Because the real asset the saint's biographer must possess is, not the power of research, but the faculty of spirit-

ual insight. And this faculty is as rare, we surmise, as the saints we write about. For saints have such a clever way of hiding their good qualities, they double on their tracks so noiselessly, they "cover up" with such a perfect instinct of holy duplicity, that it is difficult for the most skilful pursuer to find them out at all; while the less experienced author, baffled in the effort to discover the saint at his inner shrine, is always tempted to overdo the external side, in order to suggest, at least, what he knows is a wonderful interior.

Now it can happen in the life of a saint that even this external side is lacking. And it does happen in the life of every boy saint. And then the amateur biographer really is in trouble. The grown-up saints do concrete things that in spite of all reticence come out before the world. They travel afar, or preach, or care for the sick and the poor, or live out long lives in deserts or caves, or are misunderstood, persecuted, imprisoned, die as martyrs. But the boy saint? His external record, for biographical purposes, is mostly a string of zeros. He has not had the chance to do any of these great things. In his life there is nothing to lay hold upon.

Still the biographer feels that a fairly large book ought to be written on a canonized saint. He writes it, with a sense all the while that he is grasping at the air. And the reader, especially the boy reader, on finishing the book ("laying the book aside" might perhaps be more accurate), feels on his part that the author's air-grasping has been entirely successful.

From a book of this kind the boy comes away with the impression that the life of a boy saint is compounded in equal parts of an elaborate family tree, a voluminous, and very vague, enthusiasm over the mortification of the senses, and a résumé of the theological and moral virtues, considered serially. All this, spiced with edgeless anecdotes, dotted at measured intervals with mechanical historical facts, and sprinkled over with a long recital of the miracles wrought through the saint's intercession, congeals into a confection that the normal boy is sure to pronounce indigestible.

Just what kind of boy this boy saint was at the heart of him, just what dominant trait characterized him, what special inspiration urged him on, what individual virtue shone out of his life—all these things are left to the guess of the bewil-

dered boy reader, and of every reader. One is forced to follow after a mirage vision of unapproachable goodness over an exhausting desert of rhapsody. To the mature reader this may prove merely discouraging; but to the young it is dangerous. Inevitably the boy leaves the hot-house atmosphere of one of these books with the suspicion that this boy saint was a "goody-goody"; a kind of plaster image in a glass case; a creature without real push, heartiness, fighting blood in him; a portable statue into which the breath of life was never breathed.

"No wonder he could be good. Everything was easy for him. He was machine-made," is a criticism I once heard from a boy.

The reason why many saints' lives make dull reading is because they are not saints' lives, but worthless imitations. And this arises from the failure to grasp two simple, yet co-ordinate, ideas. The first of these ideas is that no two saints are alike; and the second is, that every saint is like every other saint. No two saints are alike in age, location, opportunity, character, offered graces. Every saint is like every other saint in one great thing—namely, what a boy terms "pluck". The biographer who fails with a saint is the one who emphasizes the first idea, namely, the *difference* between his saint and every other mortal. The biographer who succeeds is the one who insists upon the likeness of the saint to all other saints, considering his differences entirely as a foil to that likeness. And the one likeness that runs through all differences in saints' lives is their uniform pluck.

And what do we mean by pluck? Perhaps the incident which first indelibly impressed it upon my own mind may serve to suggest its meaning.

One Sunday afternoon, in my early boyhood, I found myself venturing into a section of Chicago where it was dangerous to wear Sunday clothes; into a region where clean linen was an apparition; collars an insinuation; cuffs a challenge, and anything like elegance of dress an open insult, containing grounds for a neighborhood riot. As I drew near to the stronghold of this anti-soap district, brave of footstep, but with a heart, as I recollect, that skipped a beat or two every few seconds, I suddenly and simultaneously observed—first,

on a street corner, a dark and fairly thick cloud of juvenile hoodlums, buzzing like a swarm of bees; and second, approaching the cloud, and about to pierce it like a shaft of sunlight, two handsome, elegantly dressed boys, one of about fifteen, the other ten years of age. Brothers evidently—golden-haired, bright-faced, clear-eyed, light-stepping lads both, jauntily attired in knickerbockers, sailor blouses, broad immaculate collars and streaming bow ties—they sailed ahead like two racing yachts, canvas spread and pennants flying.

"This is no place for those kids," I remember saying, with a dimly pleasurable sensation of safety, as being now less attractive metal.

The two lads were evidently making a short cut from one part of the town to another, and were altogether unsuspicious of the rocks ahead. They quickly became conscious of them, however. A sudden hush in the gang, followed by a louder buzz than before, indicated that the prey was spied. As the two approached, jeers, gibes, growls, snarls, the pungent street-corner wit, rose into a confused chatter. The lads were startled a bit, blushed, answered nothing, but kept ahead, the older boy seizing the younger's hand. The crowd scattered a little and opened to let them in. Then some jostling, some pushing, until one particularly imaginative urchin reached into the gutter, scooped up a ball of soft mud and shied it with the careless accuracy of long practice. It hit the smaller boy exactly on the ear, and swept across his face. The older boy quickly turned, saw the smudge, dropped his brother's hand, with a few swift steps made his way to the gang leader, shot out his fist and knocked him down.

Then he went into that crowd. And the light brigade, in comparison, had nothing to brag of. Fists, head, feet, knees, elbows, he used them all, and they all found their mark. A savage whirlpool of attacking arms, legs, plunging, thrashing, kicking, swallowed the boy up, and he was lost to view. It would have gone hard with him had not the gang leader, who had been down in a dazed condition, gathered himself up, and leaping into the crowd head foremost, began to tear them apart. The outer crowd broke, thinking perhaps that the police had arrived, until they saw it was the leader stopping them. They tore the others from the boy and he came

out, a smear of blood, mud, and rags. He wiped the grime out of his eyes, and looked defiantly at the gang again. He was ready for more!

"Let him alone, fellers!" commanded the leader, his good streak showing. "He's had enough."

The boy nodded at the leader, and looked about for his brother. "Come on, Jim," he said, and walked away even more jauntily than before.

Battered and torn up as he was, to me he looked like Nelson and the North, Horatius at the bridge, and the six hundred at Thermopylæ, all in one. The gang watched him disappear down the street in a kind of religious silence.

"Say, he *could* fight, couldn't he?" one of them said, in an awed voice. They were beaten, not by the boy's physical prowess, but by his invincible pluck.

It is precisely this pluck, this fighting power, that the boy reader, indeed every reader, must see in any character before he will admire it, and once seen he will admire it as much in a rustic youth in a backwoods hut, as in a Washington crossing the Delaware. Battlefields and mountain passes, polar ice and storms at sea are but the stage scenery and the stage thunder accompanying and setting off the central and controlling force—pluck.

Every dramatic situation must have pluck as its pivot, its very heart. And every real biography is nothing more than a longer or shorter dramatic situation.

The biographer, therefore, must show us the pluck that is in his saint. How shall he do it?

It is here he meets his test difficulty, which is really two difficulties in one. St. Paul indicates what these difficulties are. "For our wrestling," he says, "is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places. Therefore, take unto you the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day."

This is the work the saints set us the example of, and a little consideration will show that it is not an easy work to appreciate, still less to explain.

For though St. Paul talks about battle, close hand-to-hand fighting (he calls it "wrestling", coming to grips with the

enemy), yet it is not against "flesh and blood". Not, therefore, out in the open, as with our little friend, where every movement of the combatants can be easily noted and described. It is nevertheless of a more dreadful import than any battle of "flesh and blood", a battle with tremendous spirits of evil, principalities, powers, giants of darkness, enthroned demons of wickedness. So gigantic a battle, in fact, that it is above our natural forces and calls for the help of a third force, St. Paul's "armor of God", divine grace, without which the soul cannot win.

But, it will be objected, this is an invisible combat between divine grace and the spirits of darkness. Where does the pluck of the saint show itself?

The pluck of the saint is revealed in the single word "take". For this "taking" implies a giving up. A giving up of what? Of everything except that "armor of God"—grace. This is the decision that tries the heart of the saint and searches it with fire. For with this decision he throws aside upon the spot every other earthly consideration, and barehanded of every weapon that the voice of nature so insistently urges him to seize, takes unto himself God's help alone, and advances forth upon the field. It is this agony of rejection of everything dear to him, save God, that gives the key to the determined pluck of the saint and to every deed of his after life. And if we do not touch this starting-point of his career, we shall never understand the saint at all. It is the agony in the garden that gives us the key to Christ's Passion. There we see Him making His first great decision, as man, to go through with this infinite humiliation. He writhes on the ground, moans, weeps, begs not to be compelled to do it—then says He will do it since the Father wishes it. He gropes about half-blindly, even seems momentarily to think that human aid can avail, finally lets everything human go, but with that effort falls in a kind of swoon, sweating blood. Later, in His Passion, He shows a perfectly-poised, unfaltering strength, and were it not for the agony in the garden, we should never know what the Passion really cost Him.

Now every saint at some period in his life, generally at his first complete surrender to God, undergoes, as his Master

did, a parallel to the agony in the garden. The great external deeds of his life appear after this, but they all flow from this first great struggle, and are contained in it. And, therefore, they can never be understood until we see and realize the agony that forewent them. We shall never understand Magdalen's confession at the feet of Christ until we feel what agony of soul she endured in coming to that decision of emptying her soul of every last sweetness to which it had clung. We shall never know Paul until we comprehend the agony of his three days' blindness, without food or drink, battling for strength enough to cast aside his olden power and personal influence, and to reach out and take unto himself the armor of God. And so with all the saints. Until we study them and know them from the center outward, their lives will ever be a mystery to us, in spite of all the exterior detail we can gather. That first agony must be assimilated, that initial price he pays to take God's armor must be accurately valued, for there is the heart of his heart and the final explanation of all his power.

This is the biographer's first difficulty—to reach this central point. How shall he reach it? Christ was alone in His agony, and it is only inspiration that provides us with the facts. Paul, too, was alone; and Magdalen, as far as we can know. Indeed, in all crises of the soul, and preeminently in this extreme crisis, human nature cries out to be alone. How, then, shall the biographer penetrate the veil?

The answer is, he must use strategy. He must execute what we may term the flank movement of induction. He must accumulate circumstantial evidence; sift out the saint's life down to the minutest grain; coördinate apparent divergences; compare clues, cautiously, painstakingly, until he finds himself beneath the walls of the inner citadel. And then he must possess the spiritual power to throw himself across that wall, and the spiritual insight and skill to light exactly in its center. Not before this can he speak to us of the saint with authority.

And right at the beginning of this process of induction arises the second difficulty—namely, of gathering together a sufficient number of characteristic facts to open a path in one definite direction. The saint moves so unostentatiously, con-

ceals his importance so deftly, that he is continually working under a disguise. His inner heart he shuts to us; his outward deeds he causes to elude us. He is tremulously shy of dramatic situations; he detests posing; he eliminates scenic effects. Observation worries him; applause stuns him; pursuit catches up with him only at the vanishing point. As an advertiser of personal prowess the saint is a total failure. Because his work is done for God, and he forgets everything besides. Hence, though he moves about in the world, he merely passes his hand over it, as it were, in an absent-minded way. If he works—and he works unflaggingly—it is noiseless, not explosive work. If he sacrifices himself—and he is always sacrificing himself, down to the last atom—we have to "catch him at it". If he performs wonders—and wonders grow under his hand—he accomplishes them in so detached, impersonal, innocent a fashion, that we are thrown off the track and tempted to think that somebody else must have done it. Somebody else *has* done it, is the saint's idea, and that somebody else is God.

The casual biographer, of course, knows all this in theory, but in practice he never suspects that *his* saint shall escape his hands. Lacking the spirtual shrewdness and penetration that should tell him that his task is one full of dangerous pitfalls, he confidently starts in with not much more than his personal piety and a good intention; gathers together some dry bones of facts with no attempt to articulate them; narrates what he considers the necessary number of pious incidents, pointless under his treatment, and incoherent; talks ahead garrulously, perhaps a little patronizingly, about the saint, until even he gets the misty suspicion of what the initiated reader was long certain of, namely that the saint has made a gentle little detour, and has left him. He gropes around in this blind alley for a while, and at last comes to the conclusion that saints are essentially inaccessible, and that the only thing that can be done in such emergencies is to provide an imitation.

Accordingly he introduces us to—a statue; cast, cap-à-pie, from his own imagination. And in order to reconcile us to the substitution, he hangs scenery about it; provides the slow music of a rhodomontade style: searches out wonderful anecdotes,

marvelous traditions, unusual incidents to decorate it as with ropes of gems: considers the saint, in fine, as a merely passive object, whose glory is artificial, and added from without, and not as a being of divine and incalculable energy working its wonders entirely from within. He pretends, it is true, to make an interior study of the saint, but it is all a pretence. He gives the saint what is known in the newspaper trade as "patent insides". For the devoted and fallible mind, he substitutes that very different thing, the perfect judgment; for the high, sustained, yet fallible will, he tries to put off on us a flawless faculty, uniformly triumphant, the gift of no saint except the Blessed Virgin Mary. He practically believes that a saint makes no mistakes, and his best proof of this is in the rigid and automatic exterior he invariably bestows upon his subject. His saint must not be criticized—even for his grammar. And with a kind of childish petulance, he busies himself in chiselling off and smoothing away whatever unevenness of surface may threaten to appear. He has no suspicion of the volcanic inner power that throbs beneath these, to him, baffling irregularities. And the upshot of such a work is a figure of cold, smug, and stony sanctimoniousness, into which the breath of life has never been breathed.

Now, the very opposite of all this is the truth. Saints are not flawless. They do make mistakes. They are set up to be criticized. They invite criticism—and they defy it. But they defy it successfully only at a certain point, and that point is deep within them, the very last thing we come to, their steady, aggressive, unconquerable attitude of will. They waver, but they recover their balance. They stumble, they fall, but they get up again. Because that will of theirs forces them. That is the inner shrine where resides their pluck, the spot where they first take unto themselves the armor of God, and from that spot proceeds the driving power that carries them through every vicissitude. And until we get to this, we shall know nothing about any saint.

The true biographer realizes this fact at the very outset. Every move he makes is aimed directly or indirectly at that hidden circle. Especially does he analyze, dissect, and microscopically examine the saint's mistakes; because he knows that mistakes are important clues to character, just as shadows

tell the position of the sun. They are stumbles, indeed, but stumbles that suggest personal energy, and this is what he seeks at the last. He will erect for us no impassive statue, modelled after a previously selected formula and labelled: "This is what the saint must have been." But he takes up action after action, singly and in relation to other actions; scrutinizes, weighs, coördinates, advancing always until he has, bit by bit, re-created for us the real man of flesh and blood, still defective at his best, but penetrated and palpitating with Divine energy.

Nor does he underestimate the saint's good qualities, nor the struggles that won them. He observes and notes the intense watchfulness, and the wistfulness of the man; his alertness in grasping up and using the tiniest stirrings of grace; the tremendous blows he deals himself; the relentless "Heaven-at-any-cost" cry that goes up from his whole life. He realizes that the saint's passivity is not the inertness of a log, but the repose of a lion. He feels intimately that the final serenity of the saint upon the mountain peak with God has been won only after a stern and bloody climb, battling every inch of the way, the mists of doubt and damps of despair clinging insistently about him. Nor does he forget that the very mountain upon which he stands, was not placed there for him, but was heaved up, rock by rock, by the saint himself, out of his own inspired and fortified soul; that it is upon one dead self after another he has risen, and that every rise involved the unflinching output of every ounce of his will power, together with the sacrifice of every alluring hope, or desire, or ambition that might keep him down. The genuine biographer will lead us in the end to the saint at the gate of heaven, but he will infallibly lead us over a trail of blood.

Now, with the older saints it is relatively easy to follow this trail that terminates in the inner heart of sanctity. They give us a larger opportunity to know them. They live longer, do more things, develop their natural characters through successive tangible stages, take a more appealing, a more romantic part in the work of God; they are formally constituted teachers and exemplars of virtue, and so are under the obligation of revealing their deeper lives by word and deed. But with the younger saints, this advantage of our study is absent.

These live but a few years, quiet years, without much color or motion; years given mostly to preparation for work, to development of character. They do very little in the way of visible achievement. In their exterior life there is not the hint of the great cry to battle. They have not as yet felt the call to any special vocation, and they occupy the place of the taught rather than of the teacher.

From the investigator's point of view, consequently, few roads open into their lives; and these few, out of a proper modesty, they guard closely. What do come to the surface, however, and come easily, are the normal deficiencies of youth —its hyper-enthusiasm, its lack of perspective, its straining intensity, its characteristic impulse to battle with windmills; so that at first blush there seems nothing but a debit side for the biographer to cast up. Yet underneath these mistakes, these necessary shortcomings, this unavoidable narrowness, lies that unchanging, ineffaceable likeness to all other saints. In these budding lives, too, the terrible agony of irrevocable surrender has been enacted, and has begun to make itself felt through all the labyrinthian ways of the growing soul. Its violent seizure upon the kingdom of heaven, and its equally violent overmastering of mantling passion have been once for all decreed, and the young saint is now girding himself to stamp that decree upon every thought and word and action of his life.

And paradoxical as it may seem, it is in the mistakes of young saints that we have the surest clue to their worth of character. They aim at the sun; but lacking the steady eagle gaze of the veteran warrior, they are dazzled, and break into zigzags in their flight upward. They take up the heavy spear and hurl it, but with a frantic impetus that throws them down. They run eagerly in the race, but with so desperate a burst of untamed speed that they dash past the mark and against the stone barrier beyond it, and awkwardly pick themselves up, bruised, it may be, and bloody. But the spirit is there; the heart is there, undismayed, ready to do it again, and a thousand times again. To lead us understandingly through these mistakes, these blunders of tact and inexperience into the stronghold of that youthful, generous heart is the delicate and hazardous task of the biographer. If he feels that, by ever

so little, he will fail to take us surely over this perilous ground, let him beware of putting even a foot upon it.

For to fail here by the smallest margin, is to miss the saint altogether. It is to plunge into a maze from which there is no escape, to attempt a problem for which, after this first error, there is no possibility of solution. And it is this type of overconfident and reckless biographer, juggling with facts, setting up false ideals, creating an unreal atmosphere, that does such insidious harm to the youthful reader; causes him to become dissatisfied with saintship, discouraged with himself, suspicious of the sober truth of facts, even impatient with God for setting him a standard that bewilders him by its strangeness or appalls him by its inaccessibility.

Contemplating the saint in this false perspective, the boy comes to one of two extreme conclusions: he is either a kind of superhuman, non-sentient, iron personage that nothing could possibly affect, or he is a "goody-goody", a candy figure that would melt in any heat, which is accordingly carefully excluded. He sees the golden-headed, faultlessly dressed lad, wearing a consciously beaming, yet sacrificial, countenance, primly moving with painful precision into the harum-scarum world of boys with whom he feels a secret kinship, and he instinctively says to himself: "This is no place for that boy to be." But he never suspects that this is only the biographer's dream he is looking at. He never sees the thrilling plunge, the speed, the high temper, the smashing hand-to-hand battle that golden-headed lad can put up when he is forced to it. For just at this point the biographer contrives suddenly to shut off the lights. Thus it is that boys will catalogue Stanislaus (we have heard them) as the saint with the winning smile, who "smiled" his way through difficulties; Aloysius as the gaunt, gloomy saint, who never had a temptation, and whose father was a nobleman; Berchmans as the smoothly operating automaton who followed a rule first, and lived afterward. Cruelly wrong conclusions, every one of them. But who can blame the boy? One overmastering impression, true or false, is the result of every biography. And too often it is the case that owing to the superficial, exclamatory biographer, boys are repelled by the most attractive saints. Deep, and dreary diggings around family trees; rambling

researches into ancient homes and town sites; the Procrustean method of chopping the saint to fit the author's a priori concept; skin-deep considerations with the boresome undertone of admonitory warning droning through them; a touch of the Chadbandian attitude toward the boy, with the encouraging "O-that-you-could-understand-the-saint-as-I-do-but-you-never-will" wail, recurring at measured intervals, like the refrain in a threnody; a self-conscious, made-to-order style, in which the "holy tone" prevails; a style rocky with falsetto platitudes when it is not swampy with a hectic admiration—these are some of the pitfalls into which many a biographer has fallen and dragged in with him the reluctant boy reader. Luckily for the boy, he has the agility to climb out again. But unluckily for him, he is apt to bound away from the saint as fast as his legs will carry him, and always thereafter, from a safe distance, to contemplate him with something like a resentful suspicion that he has been imposed upon.

The simple, manly character of the saint; his brotherliness; his essential approachableness; his pulsing, romantic nature; his admirable power to solve, but only as a chum would solve, all a boy's troubles; his unaffected love of fair dealing, of purity, of God; the genuine pluck, the warrior spirit at the heart of him, in short, is decisively sealed from the boy's eyes forever. Yet, boys really love all this, and it is withheld from them. And with the unerring keenness of young minds they hate surface work, posing, patronizing, affectation of every kind. Yet, these things are often given them. Boys are critical, downright, independent. They have in their own keeping the treasure of a life to spend, and they do not want to be trapped into investing that treasure where it will show no returns. The world, and the flesh, and the devil are after the boy, and they lure him in order to fool him. The incompetent biographer of saints fools him in order to lure him. In either case the event is fraught with peril.

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and only the violent bear it away." Show the boy this divine, this triumphant violence of the young saint, and he is won. Trick him with the dumb show of a futile sanctimoniousness, and he may be lost. And the biographer may count the reckoning.

JOSEPH P. CONROY, S.J.

Chicago, Illinois.

FATHER FABER AND THE FIRST ORATORY HYMN BOOK.

THE centenary of the birth of Father Faber, which falls due on 28 June of the present year, naturally affords an opportunity to review some of the many activities connected with the name of the saintly Oratorian. It has occurred to me that a study of the original *Oratory Hymns and Tunes,* issued in 1854, may prove of interest to the increasing number of students of hymnology, and therefore I propose to examine the first collection of hymn-tunes incorporated in this now scarce book—the first English Catholic tune-book compiled by Father Faber. It is outside my province to touch on the hymns themselves, for most of them are classics; but I shall endeavor to trace the sources of the tunes wedded to the hymns. Before doing so, however, it may be of interest to give a very brief note on the career of Father Faber up to the date of publication of his *Oratory Hymns and Tunes.*

Frederick William Faber was born at Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, 28 June, 1814, and studied at Bishop Auckland Grammar School, at Shrewsbury, at Harrow, and at Oxford. He obtained a Fellowship at University College, in 1837, and took priest's orders 26 May, 1839, after which he acted as private tutor for a time and thereby gained the advantage of a Continental tour. He accepted the Rectory of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, a College living, in April, 1843, and in December of the same year he formed a choir, with a marvellously clever little boy of fourteen—William J. Pitts—as organist. In 1844 the musical services at Elton attracted considerable attention, such that the local Methodist church was almost deserted. Mr. Faber published six lives of English Saints, and revised his poem " Sir Lancelot " between the years 1843 and 1845, and on 17 November of the latter year he was received into the Catholic Church at Northampton by Bishop Wareing, as were also Mr. M. T. Knox, Mr. W. J. Pitts, and six of the Elton congregation. Faber then founded at Birmingham a little community called the Brothers of the Will of God, and in September of 1846 he accepted the munificent offer of Cotton Hall, near Alton Towers (the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury), as a residence for the new community. Among the first to join the Wilfridians at Cotton

Hall, early in 1847, was Frederick Fortescue Wells, an admirable amateur musician, who became a novice under the name of Brother Alban. On Holy Saturday of the same year Faber was raised to the priesthood, and on Easter Sunday he celebrated his first Mass. On 25 April, 1848, St. Wilfrid's, Cotton Hall, was dedicated, and in June Father Faber went to Scarborough for a change of air. His visit to Scarborough was memorable inasmuch as in one night, at the request of Father Hutchinson, he wrote his first two hymns, namely, "Mother of Mercy" and "The Blessed Sacrament". Previously, on St. Valentine's Day, the whole Wilfridian Community had become Oratorians, receiving the habit at the hands of Father Newman. In the following October the whole establishment of Maryvale removed to Cotton Hall, but again returned to Birmingham in 1849. Father Faber opened the London Oratory on 31 May, 1849 (the music of the Mass being arranged and composed by Mr. J. M. Capes), and initiated congregational singing. Before leaving Cotton Hall he had published a tiny book, containing eleven hymns, for the use of the congregation of St. Wilfrid's. This was followed by *Jesus and Mary*, or *Catholic Hymns for Singing and Reading*, in the autumn of the same year. A second edition was issued in 1852, containing twenty additional hymns. Then came the *Oratory Hymns*, in 1854.

In the Preface to *Jesus and Mary* (1849) Father Faber gives his reasons for the publication of a Catholic hymn-book suitable for congregational singing, adding apologetically: "Although [in view of the need of a suitable "collection of English Catholic hymns fitted for singing"] at the same time the Author's ignorance of music appeared in some measure to disqualify him for the work of supplying the defect." From the same work we learn that "eleven of the hymns were written, most of them, for particular tunes, and on particular occasions, and became very popular with a country congregation." These were the eleven hymns written for St. Wilfrid's, Cotton Hall—now known as St. Wilfrid's College, Oakamoor—six of which are still in general use, namely: "Mother of Mercy", "Jesus, My Lord", "Hail, Jesus, hail", "Hail, Holy Joseph, hail", "Dear Father Philip, holy Sire", and "Dear Angel ever at my side". Other still popular

hymns are to be found in the first edition of *Jesus and Mary* (1849), such as "Ah! dearest Lord, I cannot pray", "Dear Husband of Mary", "How shalt Thou bear the Cross that now", "Joy, joy, the Mother comes", "Dear Little One, how sweet Thou art", "O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn", and "Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands".

Although Father Faber wrote many books, e. g. *All for Jesus, The Creator and the Creature,* and various lives of English Saints, it is as a hymn-writer that he will live. Out of 150 hymns, more than half are still in common use—a striking tribute to their merit. Canon Julian, the Protestant Editor of the *Dictionary of Hymnology* (revised edition, 1907), thus writes: "Amongst the original hymn-writers Dr. Faber takes the highest rank. His hymns, sung at the Oratory, are often remarkable for true poetry. Among these may be mentioned 'Jesus is risen', 'The Immaculate Conception', 'To our Blessed Lady', 'The Will of God', and the 'Evening Hymn'. Faber has done more than any other Englishman to promote congregational singing amongst the Roman Catholics in Great Britain. The congregation to which he was attached entered into his hymns fervently, and from them they spread to others. He certainly perceived and appreciated, as a scholar, and from his standpoint as a Roman Catholic, the double advantage possessed by a Church which sings both in an ancient and modern tongue, making two-fold melody continually unto God. He did not prize the less the magnificent hymns of Christian antiquity in Latin, because he taught congregations to sing in the English of to-day."

After this rather lengthy preamble we come to the consideration of the *Oratory Hymns and Tunes* (1854). Faber himself was responsible for the selection of the tunes, but he submitted them to Father Alban Wells and Mr. W. J. Pitts, who was organist of the Oratory from 1849 to 1902.

The book issued in 1854 was in reality two separate tiny volumes bound in one, with separate title pages. The Oratory Hymns are ninety in number, while the Oratory Tunes are seventy-nine. Of the ninety hymns seventy-eight are by Faber; one by Father Bittleston, and the remaining eleven are Latin hymns, namely "Adeste Fideles", "Ave Maris

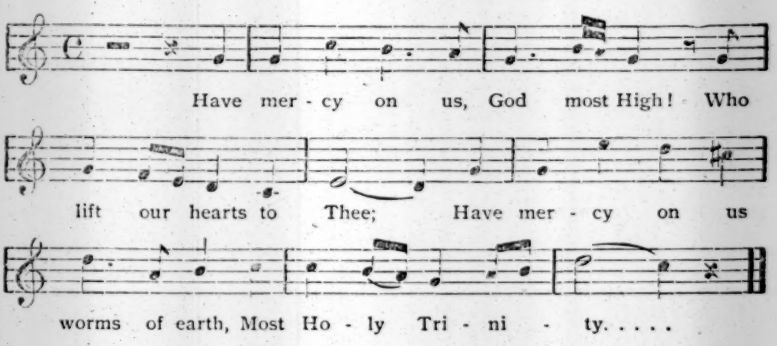
Stella", "De Profundis", "Litany of Loreto", "Magnificat", "Miserere", "O Salutaris Hostia", "Salve Regina", "Stabat Mater", "Tantum ergo", and "Te Deum".

In the course of a very short Preface or "Advertisement" it is stated that, "when the work was in the press, it was discovered that one or two of the tunes were copyright in this country, and, therefore, they have been unavoidably omitted. However, as so many inquiries were being made for the hymn-book, it was thought better not to delay the publication by seeking for other tunes to supply their place; and a few pages of blank music paper have been added at the end of the book, to enable those who wish it to enter in MS. these tunes, and any other additional tunes that may be found suitable to the Hymns."

All the hymn tunes are printed without any name of composer, or indication as to the sources whence they are derived. Hence it is no easy task to locate the provenance of some of the tunes, although in a few cases no difficulty is presented, inasmuch as the melodies are still in popular use. Not more than two or three are original, and the rest are adaptations. On the whole the tunes selected are a tolerable "fit" for the hymns, but the unsuitability of many of them is evidenced in their being discarded in the 1870 edition. The most objectionable feature is the mating of really beautiful hymns to operatic selections and secular airs such as "The Girl I left behind me", "The Old Mill Wheel", and trivial melodies by Tom Moore, G. H. Rodwell, and Stevenson. In each case the melody only is given, and no harmonized arrangement or accompaniment is attempted. My present intention is to locate the sources of the tunes that I have so far been enabled to trace with certainty, leaving to another occasion the elucidation of the remaining adaptations.

No. 1. "The Holy Trinity" ("Have Mercy on us, God Most High") is adapted to a melody by Haydn to which it is eminently suitable. Strange to say, in the *Westminster Hymnal* (1912), Dr. Terry selects for Faber's verses the Protestant hymn tune known as "St. Flavian", first printed by John Day in 1562, being the first half of the tune of Psalm 132. Faber's adaptation (as given below) was taken from

Tom Moore's setting of Haydn's melody to "Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tear", published in *Sacred Songs* in 1816.

No. 1. THE HOLY TRINITY.

No. 3. "Jesus Crucified" ("O come and mourn with Me awhile") is set to a tune in the *Mainz Gesangbuch* of 1661.

No. 4. "The Precious Blood" ("Hail, Jesus! hail!") is a fine melody composed by Vincent Novello. Faber's hymn is a translation of the Italian "Viva, viva Gesù, che per mio bene" (Raccolta di Orazioni) and is happily wedded to Novello's tune. Novello (1781-1861) was organist of the pro-Cathedral at Moorfields (London) from 1840 to 1843, and composed much music for Catholic services. The popularity of this hymn tune may be seen from the fact that it finds a place in the *Westminster Hymnal* and in Dom Ould's admirable *Book of Hymns with Tunes* (1913).

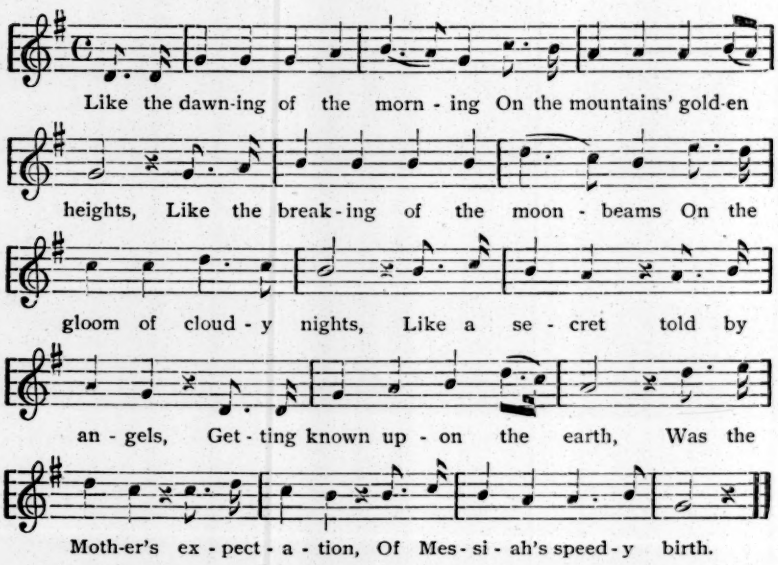
No. 5. "St. Philip's Converts" ("Sweet St. Philip, thou has won us") is an extraordinary adaptation to a tune composed by Thomas Bilby, or Bielby, originally set to "Here we suffer grief and pain".

No. 6. "Daily, daily, sing to Mary" is set to a hymn tune "Maria zu lieben" in the *Paderborn Gesangbuch* of 1765, but in a corrupt form. Dr. Terry, in the *Westminster Hymnal*, incorrectly ascribes the hymn to Father Faber, and repeats the legend that it is a translation from St. Casimir. Although he prints the tune in its two forms he gives no clue to its source. The hymn was really the work of Father Henry Bittleston, who joined the Oratory in March, 1850,

and is a translation from a cento of the poem "Ut jucundas cervus undas, aestuans desiderat", written by St. Bernard of Cluny, though some favor the authorship of St. Anselm. Father Bittleston gave a copy of his translation to Father Faber, but he also published it in the Birmingham Oratory Hymn Book of 1854. The appearance of the tune in *Arundel Hymns* (1905) is a sufficient answer to carping critics.

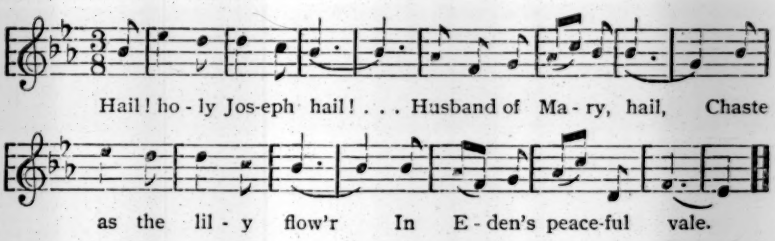
No. 7. "The Expectation" ("Like the Dawning of the Morning") is a setting, in a slightly varied form of "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus" in the St. Gallen hymnbook of 1769. Some writers have ascribed the melody to Mozart. I here subjoin the hymn tune as printed by Father Faber.

No. 7. THE EXPECTATION.


Like the dawn-ing of the morn - ing On the mountains' gold-en
heights, Like the break-ing of the moon - beams On the
gloom of cloud - y nights, Like a se - cret told by
an - gels, Get - ting known up - on the earth, Was the
Moth-er's ex - pect - a - tion, Of Mes - si - ah's speed - y birth.

No. 9. "Hail! Holy Joseph, hail!" is set to the second part of the Sicilian melody, now better known as "Home, Sweet Home". Of course there is a change of rhythm, and a slight alteration of notes, but the disguise is very thin. Here is the melody as adapted by Father Faber.

No. 9. HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH, HAIL!



No. 10. "Mother of Mercy" is attributed to Henry F. Henry, the compiler of that egregious work known as *The Crown of Jesus Hymn Book.* He was for many years Professor of Music at Ushaw College and he published in 1851 a little music book entitled *Easy Hymn Tunes for Catholic Schools.* The tune is still popular.

No. 11. "The Immaculate Conception" ("O Purest of Creatures") is adapted to a charming air from Mozart's "Nozzi di Figara", and was also included in the edition of the *Oratory Hymn Tunes*, by W. J. Pitts, in 1871. Needless to add, such adaptations from operas, especially comic operas, are to be deprecated.

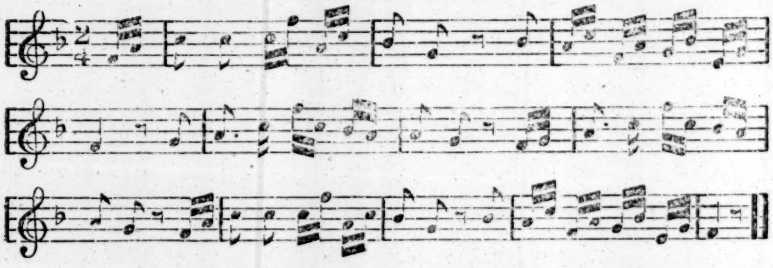
No. 13. "The True Shepherd" ("I was wandering and weary") is adapted to the bird-catcher's song in *Il Flauto Magico* by Mozart; but though the melody is charming, the same objection holds good as in No. 11. However, No. 79, the last printed tune in the book, gives an original melody for the same hymn, composed by Father (subsequently Cardinal) Newman.

No. 14. "Faith of our Fathers" is by Rousseau, and is taken from his pantomime *Le Devin du Village.* In 1811 it first appeared as "Rousseau's Dream", and was previously known as a song entitled "Melissa". As early as 1825 it was used for a Protestant hymn, and in 1843 appeared in *Sacred Melodies*, becoming enormously popular. This tune was discarded in the 1871 edition of *Oratory Hymns*, and is now generally sung to the tune composed by George Herbert for "Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All"—being one of a number of hymn tunes specially written by Herbert for the Holy Family Confraternity attached to the Church of the

Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham (London) between the years 1851 and 1858. Faber wrote a second version of "Faith of our Fathers" specially for Ireland, after his visit to that country in 1852, and it appears as No. 56 of *Oratory Hymns*.

No. 15. "The Infant Jesus" ("Dear Little One, how sweet Thou art") is set to a tune by the Irish composer, Sir John Stevenson, but in the 1871 edition it is replaced by an original melody by W. Schulthes.

No. 17. "The Blessed Sacrament" ("Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All!") is an adaptation of a melody by Joseph Miehl, a church composer of Prague, who flourished about the year 1770. For years I had almost despaired of tracing the source of this air, but not long since I unearthed it in an eighteenth-century book of German *lieder*.[1] It is called a "Swiss Air" in the *Crown of Jesus Hymn Book* (1864). To students of hymnology the original air by Miehl will prove of interest. It is almost unnecessary to add that Faber's adaptation is still popular.

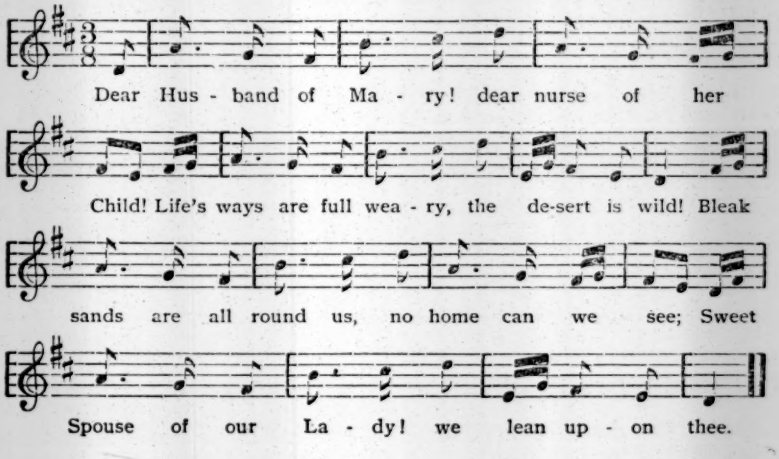
No. 17. THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.
(*Original tune by Miehl, 1780.*)

No. 22. "The Penitent's Prayer" ("My God, who art nothing but mercy and kindness") is adapted to a beautiful Irish melody set by Tom Moore to "Silent, O Moyle, be the Roar of thy Waters". This air disappears in the 1871 edition.

No. 24. "Veni Creator" ("Come Holy Ghost, Creator come") is set to a barred version of the plainchant melody. The translation of the Latin hymn is by Father Faber, but it

[1] Erk's *Lieder*; Schütz, II, 265.

does not find a place in the 1871 edition of *Oratory Hymn-Tunes.*

No. 26. "Patronage of St. Joseph" ("Dear Husband of Mary") is set to a melody by Charles Avison (1710-1770), as adapted by Tom Moore to "Weep not for those" in his *Sacred Songs* (1816). I give Avison's melody as adapted by Faber:

No. 26. PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Dear Hus - band of Ma - ry! dear nurse of her
Child! Life's ways are full wea - ry, the de-sert is wild! Bleak
sands are all round us, no home can we see; Sweet
Spouse of our La - dy! we lean up - on thee.

No. 27. "Jesus Risen" ("All hail! Dear Conqueror, all hail!") is adapted to a tune composed by Dr. Burney, the musical historian. This air was discarded in the 1871 edition.

No. 28. "St. Philip's Picture" ("Saint Philip! I have never known") is set to an Irish melody "Gramachree", better known in Tom Moore's adaptation, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls". In the 1871 edition this air is replaced by a vulgar inanity.

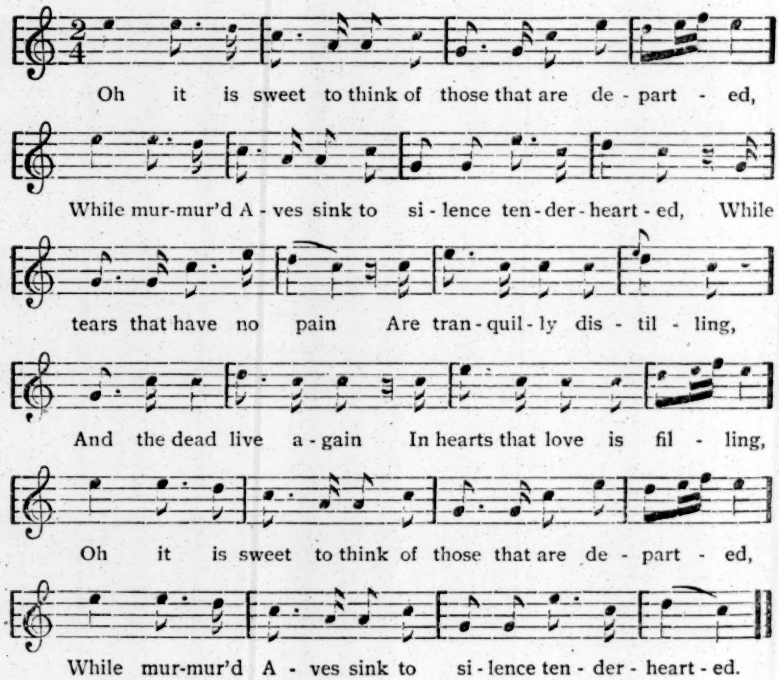
No. 30. "O Happy Flowers" is set to a well-known tune in Mozart's opera *Il Flauto Magico*, and, rightly, disappears in the 1871 edition.

No. 33. "Immaculate" ("O Mother! I could weep for mirth") is one of the very few original tunes in the whole collection. The air was composed by William J. Pitts, the organist of the London Oratory, and is still in general use, although it does not find a place in the *Westminster Hymnal.*

No. 35. "Hail! holy Wilfrid, hail" is set to the first part of "Home, Sweet Home", in a slightly varied form, but with a change of rhythm from simple duple to compound.

No. 41. "Oh, it is sweet to think" is an adaptation of a tune composed by Sir John Stevenson for Moore's "Oft in the stilly night". It is marked "Scotch air", but was really Stevenson's, and was published in a volume of National Airs, in 1818, and again by Moore, in his *Sacred Songs*, in 1824. The melody has been used by Anglican and Nonconformist congregations under the title of "Bethany". Here is Faber's adaptation, which, I may add, was included in the 1871 edition of *Oratory Hymn-Tunes*.

No. 41. Oh! it is Sweet to Think.


Oh it is sweet to think of those that are de - part - ed,
While mur-mur'd A - ves sink to si - lence ten - der - heart - ed, While
tears that have no pain Are tran - quil - ly dis - til - ling,
And the dead live a - gain In hearts that love is fil - ling,
Oh it is sweet to think of those that are de - part - ed,
While mur-mur'd A - ves sink to si - lence ten - der - heart - ed.

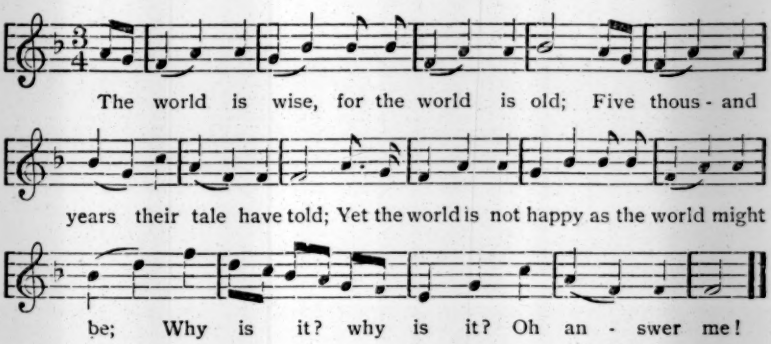
No. 42. "The Remembrance of Mercy" ("Why art Thou sorrowful") is an adaptation of an old Irish melody used by Tom Moore for his lyric "When cold in the earth". This

plaintive air was "annexed" by the Scotch in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and is known in Scotland as "Lochaber no more", but its original name was "Limerick's Lamentation", being a tune composed on the surrender of Limerick, in 1691, and printed under that title in Wright's Irish Airs in 1727. Another air was substituted for it in the 1871 edition of the *Oratory Hymn-Tunes.*

No. 43. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus" ("Come Holy Spirit from the height") is set to an original tune by Samuel Webbe, Sen., in 1780. It was printed anonymously in *An Essay on the Church Plain Chant* (1782), but in the *Collection of Motets or Antiphons* (1792) Webbe's name is given as composer. Father Faber originally published his translation of the Latin sequence (probably written by Cardinal Langton, in 1190) in *Jesus and Mary* (1849). In the 1871 edition of *Oratory Hymn-Tunes*, Webbe's tune is discarded in favor of a melody by Mendelssohn. Faber's translation has been generally superseded by that of Father Caswall in his *Lyra Catholica* (1849).

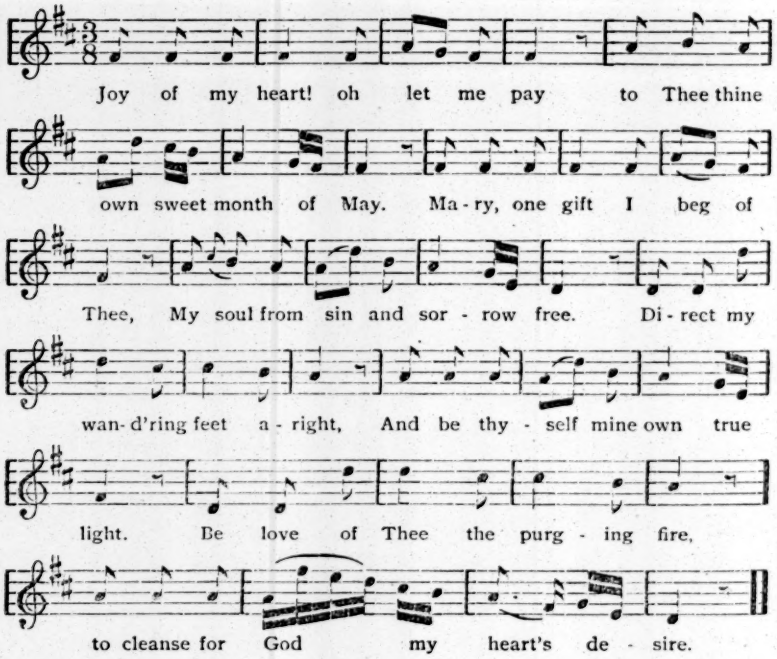
No. 44. "St. Philip and the World" ("The World is wise, for the World is old") is adapted to an old Irish tune, "Sighle in Gadhra", to which Tom Moore set his lyric "Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own." The Irish air was printed as far back as the year 1742, under the corrupt title of "Chiling O'guiry". Both the hymn and tune were omitted in the Oratory tune-book of 1871, and hence it may have a certain historical interest to print Faber's adaptation:

No. 44. ST. PHILIP AND THE WORLD.


The world is wise, for the world is old; Five thous - and
years their tale have told; Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be; Why is it? why is it? Oh an - swer me!

No. 47. "Christmas Day" ("Ye Faithful, approach ye") is the familiar "Adeste Fideles". The hymn is Canon Oakeley's translation, originally written for Margaret St. Chapel, London, in 1841, and it was published for the first time in Faber's *Oratory Hymns and Tunes* (1854). This version was never in popular use, and was superseded by a revised form (also from the pen of Canon Oakeley) in 1850, published in Murray's *Hymnal*, in 1852. The tune goes back to the year 1740.

No. 48. "Month of May" ("Joy of my Heart") is an adaptation of a melody included in Tom Moore's national airs under the title of "Oh! no, not even when first we loved". Moore labels this "Cashmerian Air", but it was composed by Tom himself, who also palmed off on an unsuspecting public another melody as a "Moorish Air"! As the air was omitted in the 1871 edition, and as it is rather interesting, I reproduce Faber's setting.

No. 48. MONTH OF MAY.

Joy of my heart! oh let me pay to Thee thine
own sweet month of May. Ma-ry, one gift I beg of
Thee, My soul from sin and sor-row free. Di-rect my
wan-d'ring feet a-right, And be thy-self mine own true
light. Be love of Thee the purg-ing fire,
to cleanse for God my heart's de-sire.

No. 49. "The Ascension" ("Why is Thy Face so lit with smiles") is another adaptation taken from Moore's national melodies, namely "Flow on, thou shining river". Moore marks it "Portuguese Air", and, after considerable trouble, I located it in a volume published by Bland and Weller, in 1814, in which it appeared as "The Lander—a Favorite Portuguese Dance". Words and music as adapted by Faber are in the *Oratory Hymn-Tunes* of 1871, but there is a slight change of accents in the first phrase.

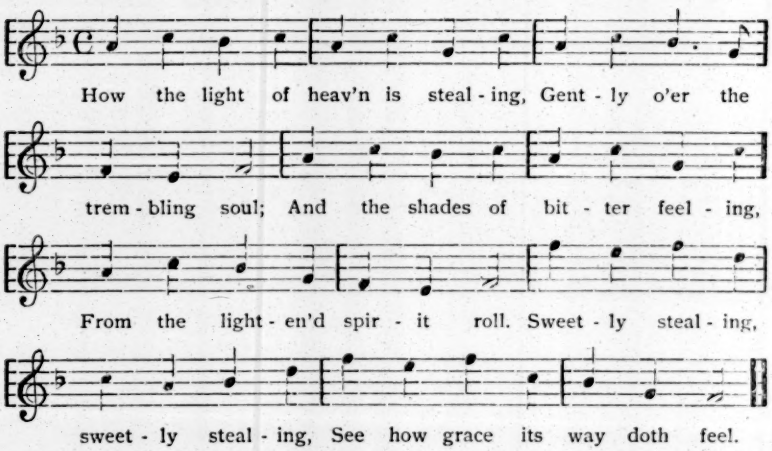
No. 50. "St. Patrick's Day" ("All Praise to St. Patrick") is set to the rollicking Irish air of the same name, and although purists may scoff, yet for sentimental reasons it still finds a place wherever there is an Irish congregation (and well may we say: "Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris"), and is even included in the *Westminster Hymnal* (1912), where, however, it is scored in 3/2 time and marked "Very slowly"! Neither hymn nor tune finds a place in the 1871 edition of *Oratory Hymn-Tunes.*

No. 51. "O Salutaris" is a setting by Webbe, who is also the composer of No. 52, "Tantum ergo".

No. 54. "The Pilgrims of the Night" ("Hark! hark! my Soul!") is set to a tune said to be by Henry, but also claimed as a French air. This setting is discarded in the *Oratory Hymn-Tunes* (1871), and was replaced by a melody by Father Hermann, O.D.C., which never became popular.

No. 58. "Thanksgiving after Communion" ("Jesus, Gentlest Saviour!") is adapted to a "sugary" air by Père Lambillotte, S.J., which is still popular in country churches. It was retained in *Oratory Hymn-Tunes* (1871).

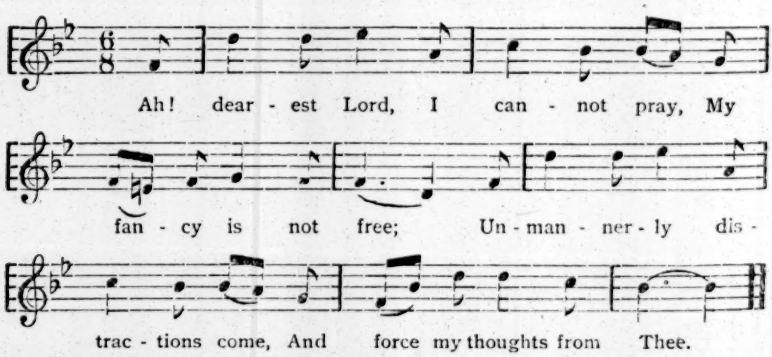
No. 59. "The Work of Grace" ("How the Light of Heav'n is stealing") is an adaptation of Tom Moore's "Hark the Vesper Hymn is stealing", the air being of Russian origin, and hence generally known as "Archangel". Possibly the idea of the melody may have come from Russia, but Stevenson is mainly responsible for it. It was discarded in *Oratory Hymn-Tunes* (1871), and therefore it is of interest to reproduce Faber's adaptation:

No. 59. THE WORK OF GRACE.

How the light of heav'n is steal - ing, Gent - ly o'er the
trem - bling soul; And the shades of bit - ter feel - ing,
From the light - en'd spir - it roll. Sweet - ly steal - ing,
sweet - ly steal - ing, See how grace its way doth feel.

No. 60. "The Emigrant's Song" ("Alas! o'er Erin's lessening shores") is an adaptation of "The Girl I left behind me". Almost needless to add, it was omitted—as was also the hymn—in the 1871 edition.

No. 61. "Sweet Mother Maid" ("The Moon is in the heavens above") is set to the tune inseparably associated with "Hail, Queen of Heaven" (written by the Rev. Dr. Lingard in 1831, and published in his *Manual of Prayers* in 1833, of which a revised edition appeared in 1840), generally known as "Stella". The tune was first printed by Henry in 1851, and has been incorrectly ascribed to him.

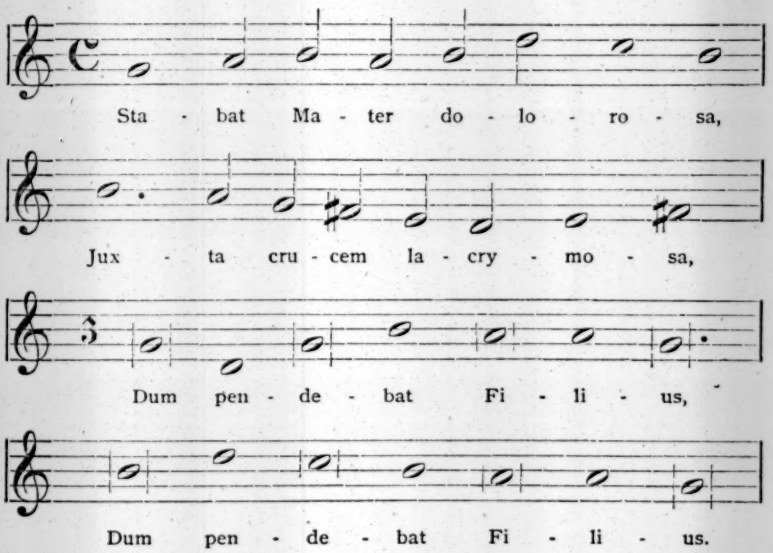
No. 63. DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.



No. 63. "Distractions in Prayer" ("Ah! dearest Lord, I cannot pray") is an adaptation of the German tune "The Old Mill Wheel", and was subsequently named "Paradise" when introduced into the *St. Alban's Hymn Book* (1865). It was retained in *Oratory Hymn-Tunes* (1871). Above is Faber's adaptation.

No. 65. "St. Michael" ("Hail, Bright Archangel!") is set to a secular tune by G. H. Rodwell, an English composer (1800-1852), whose songs had a considerable vogue in the thirties of the last century. Strange to say, the tune was retained in *Oratory Hymn-Tunes* (1871).

No. 66. "Jesus is God" is adapted to a German *lieder*, but an attempt is made to conceal the identity by pause marks. It finds a place in the edition of 1871, but the pause marks are omitted.

No. 69. STABAT MATER.
(*Earliest Form, 1661.*)

Nos. 69 to 72 are settings of the Stabat Mater, Tantum ergo, O Salutaris, and Te Deum. Faber prints two settings of the Stabat Mater, or rather a variant setting, together with the

familiar melody of this most popular tune. It may be well to observe that the "commonly received" version of the melody dates from about the year 1740, and is first found in a MS. Cantus of about the year 1747, and in a printed book of 1782 (*An Essay on the Church Plain Chant*). The original form of the tune has been been traced by Dom Bäumker, in his *Das katholische deutsche Kirchenlied in seinen Singweisen* (1883-91) to the *Maintzisch Gesangbuch*, Mainz and Frankfurt, 1661, as above (p. 541).

Nos. 73 to 75 are settings of Ave Maris Stella, De Profundis, and Miserere.

No. 78. "SS. Peter and Paul" ("It is no earthly summer's day") is set to a melody by Samuel Webbe (1740-1816). Both hymn and tune are included in the 1871 edition. In Dom Ould's *Book of Hymns with Tunes* (1913) the melody is associated with Father Caswall's translation of "Lucis Creator optime" (ascribed to Pope St. Gregory the Great), namely "O blest Creator of the Light".

No. 79. "The True Shepherd" ("I was wandering and weary") is an original tune by the great Cardinal Newman, and did not find much favor with the purists among the Oratorians, who pronounced it a feeble imitation of the "Bay of Biscay O". Nevertheless, it was included in the 1871 edition, but a change of rhythm was given from 2/4 to 4/4, in order to avoid the "jiggy" form in which it originally appeared.

One of the hymn tunes omitted in the 1854 publication and referred to in the Preface as "copyright in this country" was that which Newman selected for Faber's hymn of "The Eternal Years". This tune was an adaptation from Beethoven's Sixth Trio for flute, voice, and violoncello. In Newman's *Life* we read that the illustrious Cardinal expressed the wish that he would like to have Faber's hymn—as adapted to Beethoven's melody—sung to him when he came to die. There are sixteen verses of the hymn and Newman frequently quoted verse 8 which runs as follows:

> Bear gently, suffer like a child,
> Nor be ashamed of tears;
> Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
> Sing of the Eternal Years.

It is strange that neither the hymn nor the tune was included in the 1871 edition, nor is it to be found in the *Arundel Hymns* (1905), nor in the *Westminster Hymnal* (1911).

It only remains to add that Father Faber—who paid a second visit to Ireland, in 1855—suffered much in his later years from continual illness. Yet he labored incessantly, and in addition to his duties as Superior of the Oratory, acted as novice-master from 1856 to 1862. His "Prefect of Music", Father Alban Wells, died of consumption at Redleaf, near Penshurst, 16 October, 1859. For two years previously Father Wells had been an invalid, and in 1857 Wilhelm Schulthes was appointed Director of Music at the Oratory, William Pitts continuing as organist. In July, 1861, Faber finished his book of hymns, which was duly published, in 1862, bringing up the total to 150, corresponding with the number of the Psalms. He revised many of his old hymns, including "The right must win", the last verse of which is frequently quoted:

> For right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

In his last illness he translated the famous treatise on *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*, by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. He died a saintly death, 26 September, 1863, and was buried four days later at St. Mary's, Sydenham.

I shall conclude this article—being a centenary tribute—with an extract from the beautiful sermon delivered by Cardinal Manning on the Sunday after Father Faber's death:

> Yesterday a great servant of God was taken from us; we all knew him; some have listened to his words, some have been his penitents, all have known him by his writings, but I think I may venture to say that no one knew him so long or so intimately as myself. I knew him as a boy; we were at the University together, and even then I was astonished at the wonderful gifts which we have all seen developed since . . . Though he lived in the world I never saw anyone so detached from the world; if ever there was a higher or a lower path to choose, he always chose the higher; if ever there was a truth to be spoken, he spoke it unhesitatingly, without any desire to accommodate it to the tastes and fashions of men. I know

of no greater glory that can come upon the head of a priest than this. The name of his first book is like a note in music; in all his writings, in all his teachings, there is the same strain throughout—All for Jesus. I should not have detained you so long, but I could not pass over in silence the name of Father Faber. I repeat it again, a great servant of God has been taken from us. I am sure you will all join me in the prayer, "May my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like to his."

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SACRAMENTS OF THE OLD LAW.

THE subject of this paper extends to at least a brief discussion of the replies to the following questions: Were there sacraments in the Old Dispensation? If so, did they effect interior sanctification? How did they produce their effects? In how far, if at all, did they differ from the sacraments of the present dispensation?

In the term "Old Dispensation" of course I include the time when man was in the state of innocence, the reign of natural and written law, that is, from the creation of Adam and Eve to the death of Christ.

BIRTH OF THE CHURCH.

As soon as God communicated to fallen man His grace of redemption and promise that "the seed of the woman would crush the head of the serpent", the Church was born, at least in design, and for her members the source of grace, gushing forth even in anticipation from the wounds of the dying Saviour, was to flow in rapid and constant streams to wash, purify, refresh, and regenerate the sons of Adam, changed into the sons of God. That the Church, the great reservoir of grace, is as ancient as the world is the common doctrine of the Fathers. Yet it is said with justice that she was born of the Saviour on the Cross, because her previous existence was but an adumbration and figure of her future reality. Her subsequent growth, moreover, was in truth prepared by the typical form she assumed under the law of nature and that of Moses. Promises, types, figures, adumbrations were to be used as forerunners of reality. A few truths, in fact includ-

ing by implication all the others, added to a number of consoling myths to keep up their courage, were sufficient for the spiritual enlightenment and salvation of our ancestors, whilst a much fuller development of these original truths was demanded by the needs of man in advanced humanity. The Jewish religion looked backward to and became a development of the patriarchal; it prepared the way for and announced Christianity; it also looked forward and became, as it were, a substantial shadow of a great future reality, the figure of a truth, the bud of a flower, the temporary outline of an eternal and living temple.

In the words of St. Thomas of Aquin: "In vetere lege divina veritas in seipsa non manifesta erat. Et ideo oportebat exteriorem cultum veteris legis non solum esse figurativum futurae veritatis manifestandae in patria, sed etiam esse figurativum Christi, qui est via ducens ad illam patriae veritatem."

Teaching of the Council of Trent.

The Council of Trent declares that it is the sacraments "through which all true righteousness begins, or, being begun, is increased; or, being lost, is repaired".[1] And this, in a manner, applied to the Old Dispensation. When man was in the state of innocence, that is, from the time of the creation of Adam to his fall, there were no sacraments, properly so called. According to St. Thomas man had no need of sacraments when he was in the state of innocence, either as remedies for sin (for sin did not then exist), or as means of perfection for the soul (for the most perfect harmony obtained in man's nature, reason being subject to God, the inferior powers of the soul being subject to reason, and the body being subject to the soul).

Ordinary Means of Grace.

Under the law of nature, that is, during the time from the fall of Adam to the epoch of Abraham and Moses, there is no doubt that there were sacraments, although Scripture makes no mention of them. "After sin had been committed", says St. Thomas, "no man can be saved except through Jesus

[1] C. of Trent, Sess. VII.

Christ; for according to St. Paul, God has set forth Christ to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to the showing of His justice . . . that He Himself may be just, and the justifier of him who is of the faith of Jesus Christ".[2] "Hence it was necessary, even before the coming of Christ", continues the Angelic Doctor, "that there should be some sensible signs by means of which man could bear witness to his faith in a Saviour to come; and these signs we call sacraments." It is commonly agreed that adults could obtain forgiveness of their sins either by prayer or by sacrifice, joined to the requisite interior dispositions. Several Fathers of the Church think that infants were justified by the faith of their parents without any particular sensible sign. St. Gregory the Great, St. Bernard, Tertullian, St. Thomas, and others follow this very probable opinion; whilst on the other hand, St. Augustine and many others teach that this justification was produced by some sacrament instituted by God. Under the written law, that is, from the period from Moses to the beginning of the Christian dispensation, it is certain that there were several "sacraments"; for the councils and Fathers of the Church manifestly imply this when they compare them with the sacraments of the New Law.

Figures of Christian Sacraments.

All those fixed and permanent rites and ceremonies which conferred a legal and exterior sanctity and prefigured the interior grace which Christ was to give, were regarded as sacraments by the Mosaic religion. Such were circumcision, a figure of Baptism; the eating of the Paschal Lamb and the loaves of show bread, a figure of the Eucharist; expiations and purifications, figures of Penance; consecrations of high priests, figures of Holy Orders. But in the Mosaic law there were no rites corresponding to our sacraments of Confirmation, Extreme Unction, and Matrimony, because Confirmation is a sacrament which confers fullness of grace, Extreme Unction is the immediate preparation for heaven, and Matrimony is the sign of the union between Christ and His Church. All these were inconsistent with the lower perfection of the written law. It has been maintained by some theologians, Scotus,

[2] Rom. 3:25-26.

St. Bernard, and St. Thomas, among others, that God gave the law of the Old Testament both as the author of nature and as the author of grace. It seems evident that if the natural law came from God as the author of nature, divine law must have come from God as the author of grace; so that even the Mosaic dispensation was intended for a supernatural object and looked to the order of grace. Yet it must be admitted by all Christians that in itself it did not confer grace; that none of its institutions, rites, or sacraments could convey grace to the soul of man.

Did the Old Law Sacraments justify?

Circumcision itself, which comes so near to the nature of a sacrament that many theologians have called it so (some have imagined that in fact this rite was intended to do away with original sin in man), circumcision was a mere token of the covenant of God with the people of Israel, a mere sign of the exterior alliance of God with the races of Abraham. It could not properly be called a sacrament, although grace might be attached to it as an exterior condition. But the direct question here at issue is: Did the sacraments of the Old Law really justify, and, if so, how did they produce their effect?

On this most interesting question Suarez arrives at some important conclusions: There can be no question of real sanctification, such as the sacraments of the new dispensation operate in the soul of man; it is excluded absolutely by a number of texts from St. Paul. But if the Mosaic sacraments did not confer grace "ex opere operato", could they not, to a great extent, "ex opere operantis"? That is, did they not prescribe and make a strict obligation of many things to which justification was then attached, so that this law was to the Jews the source of many spiritual blessings far superior to whatever the Gentiles possessed, which brought on a striking and holy analogy between the Israelites and the Christians? This is what the great Spanish theologian shows in detail, of the three virtues of faith, hope, and charity, besides that of heart-felt repentance. In a word, we may say: "The Mosaic Law enjoined acts of true repentance and of the theological virtues. In confirmation of this fact we may cite the remarkable text of St. Thomas, where the great doctor of the Middle

Ages proves that the acts of all virtues, including the theological, were commanded by the Old Law in such a way that men were thus prepared to enter into holy communion with God and become His friends 'ex bonitate quae facit hominem sanctum'." [3]

Ultimate End of the Law.

A further proof of the legal sanctification of the Old Law is deduced from the fact that the Jews not only had a true faith and a true hope, but also the law of love, which, according to our Divine Lord Himself, who came to fulfill, and not to destroy, the Law, contains the Law and the Prophets. This law of love was a paramount duty for the Jews. If false teachers had corrupted it, it was nevertheless written in all its purity on the tables of stone; and the Jews in their inmost hearts knew it. "The ultimate end of the law," writes Suarez, "was the felicity, spiritual and supernatural, of the people, not only in this life, by teaching them a pure morality and true sanctity, but even in a future world, by a supernatural happiness. That the end of the law was Christ and that the implicit faith of the Jews in the Redeemer to come could effect this sanctification no Christian can deny."

In the Gospel of St. Matthew (19: 16) a certain Jew inquired of Christ: "Good Master, what shall I do that I may have life everlasting?" Christ answered him that by keeping the commandments of the Law he could gain eternal life. Likewise in the Gospel of St. Mark (10: 17) a Jew asks of our Saviour the same question and receives the same reply. A similar incident in the Gospel of St. Luke (10: 25), wherein the lawyer stood up tempting Jesus, and saying: "Master, what must I do to obtain eternal life?" narrates that Christ answered him that what is written in the Law has been given as a sure road to reach eternal life. These passages from each of the three synoptic Gospels seem to point out clearly that the object of the Mosaic dispensation was to promulgate publicly the moral law written in the conscience of every man and teach it thoroughly to the Jews through that positive promulgation by Moses; secondly, to add a spiritual and supernatural object to it, so that God had given that law not only

[3] Ia IIae, qu. 100, art. II.

as the author of nature, but also as the author of grace. If the Jewish law itself did not give grace, and if its ceremonies, rites, and sacraments did not contain or impart any elements of grace whatever, yet as Christ died for all and as the help of God is given to all, the Jews, the Lord's chosen ones, certainly were not deprived of it, nay, were powerfully helped to it by the very empty elements of their Law.

Explaining the efficacy of this sanctification, St. Thomas says: "The sacraments of the Old Law, strictly speaking, did not directly produce interior sanctification, namely by effecting justice by which an unjust man is changed into a just man before God; but rather signified justice, or disposed the soul for its reception. For as that only, strictly speaking, which is sane really possesses sanity and not that which merely signifies or conserves it, so only sanctification in the strict and true sense can be called real justification. As a secondary meaning, however, and, as it were, improperly speaking, we may declare this justification to be the sanctification of justice or the disposition to justice." In view of this twofold signification, therefore, it is certain that the sacraments of the Old Dispensation justified, inasmuch as they disposed men for the grace of justification of Christ, which they also signified, because, as St. Augustine wrote, "the life of this people was both prophetical and figurative of Christ".

Real Difference between the Old and the New.

St. Thomas quotes the words of St. Paul to the Hebrews, (10: 1): "For the law, having a shadow of the good things to come, not the very image of the things, by the self-same sacrifices which they offered continually every year, can never make the comers thereunto perfect"; to which we may add those other apt words of the Apostle: "Our fathers were under a cloud . . . and in Moses were baptized; . . . and all did eat the same spiritual food, and all drank the same spiritual drink; and they drank of the spiritual rock, now the rock was Christ; all these things happened to them in figure".

From what we have said concerning the sacraments of the Old and the New Dispensation it is evident that there is an intrinsic difference between them. They differed principally in two ways: first, the sacraments of the Old Law signified

grace to come, to be given through the Passion of Jesus Christ; the sacraments of the New Law signify grace actually present, producing the grace they signify; secondly, the sacraments of the Old Law did not produce grace of themselves in virtue of the work done, *ex opere operato*, but by faith in Christ, so that they were testimonials or signs of faith.

To sum up in a few words all I have said concerning the sacraments of the Old Dispensation and interior sanctification. Before the coming of Christ, there must have been both in the law of nature and in the Mosaic Law some remedy at least for original sin. St. Augustine found this remedy, as far as the Mosaic Law was concerned, in circumcision. The Latin Fathers and Schoolmen, following his views, speak of "sacraments of the Old Law", an expression explained by St. Thomas, and adopted by the Councils of Florence and Trent. The latter Council condemns the opinion of Calvin that the sacraments of the Old Law and those of the New differ only in outward rite.[4]

Common Teaching of the Church.

The common teaching of the Church is that the sacraments of the Old Dispensation could not give grace *ex opere operato*, whereas those of the New Law can and do produce the grace they signify. This consoling doctrine unites us all in the brotherhood of man, lovingly subjecting us to the Fatherhood of God. There is no time in the mind of God and there is but one dispensation, i. e. salvation through Jesus Christ. To conclude in the words of St. Paul to the Hebrews (9: 13): "For if the blood of goats and of oxen and the ashes of a heifer being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, by the Holy Ghost, offered Himself unspotted unto God, cleanse our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God! And therefore He is the mediator of the new testament".

Henry B. Tierney.

Trenton, Missouri.

[4] Sess. VII, De Sac., Cap. 2.

SOCIALISM OR FAITH.

I. The Cross on the Hill.

DEAN DRISCOLL sat quiet and argued ruminatively, partly to himself, partly to the Adirondack foothills that stretched up and away from his house, and somewhat to the young priest who was nervously pacing the veranda.

"No," said the Dean. "Socialism will never bring about any acute crisis in this country. It wants and fights for too many things that nearly everybody wants. The things that nearly everybody wants will come, one by one. Socialism gets a hearing, and a following, because it promises to get these things for people. When these things—the things that nearly all of us look for—better conditions of living, fairer adjustments of the burdens of life, when these come, then Socialism, or the same thing by another name, will have to think of another set of things that most people want. And so it will go on."

"The Income Tax, now," he went on whimsically, "that was Socialism till it was seen that a majority of the voters were for it. Then it became good politics. When it was made the law of the land, then it was statesmanship."

"But the people!" contended Father Huetter. "The individuals, the men, I mean — it draws them away from the Church. The Church *has* to oppose Socialism, and it brings up the old calumny that the Church is always on the side of the strong, established Things that Are. Why, I see the day coming when there will be just two big forces to divide this country — the Catholic Church and Socialism. Their struggle will be to the death."

"'Tis well," said the old priest quietly, "to have visions while you're young. When you are old you have only the things you have seen and heard to go by. And there's only one vision left worth looking to." He looked out over the hills and into the deep blue of the heaven where his one vision lay. But he came back quickly to the present.

"What did Jim Loyd say about the Bishop's sermon yesterday? I saw him in the crowd at the back of the church. He came just because it was announced that the sermon would be on Socialism. And he heard a plenty. You were on

your rounds this morning. Didn't you hear anything from him?"

"Yes. When he was going down the street from the church Eddie Connolly brushed past Jim and asked him what he thought of it—the sermon. He grunted, and answered: 'It's all right. Us Socialists will have the priests workin' like the rest of us in ten years from now.'"

The Dean laughed. "So that was it!" He turned to the young priest, from whom he loved to draw sparks. "Small wonder you're eloquent on the subject to-day. That was a threat indeed. Now, I'll not live to see—"

Father Huetter smiled. He refused to be drawn out. Then the smile turned to that deep-eyed look of mysticism that goes with the priests of his race. He said slowly:

"There was a Priest who worked. He was a Carpenter."

Father Driscoll bowed his head gravely: and waited.

"But I am not thinking of what Jim Loyd says about the Church," the young priest went back to his argument. "I'm talking about what Socialism does to him as a man, to his character. He was an altar boy of yours here. You buried his father. You helped his mother keep Jim and his brother and sister together. They would have had to be sent to a Home otherwise. He knows you. He is intelligent. He knows the work that you, as a priest, have done here for nearly forty years. Yet, in spite of all that, Socialism takes away his common sense and his religion and he has come to the point where he hates the Church."

"No. I think you are wrong, Father," the Dean said mildly. "Jimmie doesn't hate the Church. He can't. That's part of the trouble. He loves the Church. So he can't let it alone. It wont let *him* alone. Am I getting tangled up?"

"Well, I don't quite see, Dean."

"Did you ever, then," the Dean began at a new angle, "see a boy, a grown boy, when he's sullen and angry and bitter and doesn't know what to hit? What does he hit? Who gets his bitterest word? His mother. The one he can hurt most—and hurt himself most, too. Why? Who knows? But, 'tis so. Now that's Jim Loyd, though he's a man grown. When his life has turned bitter on him he has to hurt something. We can hurt most where we love most. Boy and man

Jimmie Loyd never loved anything as he did—and *does*, I say —love his Church. When the bitterness comes, where he loves he strikes."

"But what is his grievance?" The young priest was back now at the practical, everyday side of the matter. "He makes good wages. He doesn't work any harder than anybody else. He wouldn't be satisfied if he wasn't working."

"That is all true," conceded the Dean. "And do not suppose that Jim Loyd does not see it all. He is, as you say, intelligent. But he is more than that. He has imagination."

The Dean settled back in his chair and made his case:

"Jim is a moulder. By his skill and his ability as a foreman to teach and handle men under him he saves the company hundreds of dollars every month that would be lost in spoiled castings. He is thirty years old. He looks ahead thirty years more. And—God sparing him—what will he be? A stooped old man with a little hack of a cough, hanging on doggedly to the very job he has now. And one day an assistant superintendent fresh from a technical school will walk down from the office to the casting-room of the Milton Machinery Company and while he is dodging a bucket of hot metal he will decide that old Loyd is slowing up—the mill needs younger blood. Jim Loyd sees that before him."

The Dean paused, and Father Huetter sat down silently. He knew that there was more to come.

"As you said," the old priest went on, "he is no worse off than twenty million other men, more or less, in this country. He knows that. But Jim Loyd is different. He is a man of power wherever you put him. Do you realize how he has handled this strike for the last three months? Do you know that he *is* the strike, the soul of it. Without him it would collapse in riot and bloodshed. You know how he has kept your Poles and Italians in line with his own American and Irish kind. It took a big man to do that, and Jim Loyd is a big man. He alone has gathered and handled the money that has kept two thousand families from starvation. He alone has kept out agitators and murderous interferers from the outside. He is an organizer, a general, a born leader and driver of men.

"You want to know what is his grievance. Here it is. Jim Loyd is a bigger man, a stronger man, a brainier man than the manager of the Milton works. Why should not Jim Loyd be in the place of power and responsibility that his brain demands for him?

"He cannot, because he went into those works when he was twelve years old. He lied his way in because he was a big strong boy. He had no education whatever, you may say; has none to-day; never will have. When he was younger he could exult in his growing body and muscles. He was going to be the strongest and most competent man in the mill. He is that now. Do you see? His life is now, at thirty, all that he can ever make it. The iron begins to turn in him. Do you know what he is saying to himself? He is saying: 'I might as well die now, die now. I can never do anything but this.' Do you see what that means to the big arrogant, masterful heart of the man?"

"Why," exclaimed Father Huetter, "that man is not a Socialist at all."

"No more than you are. He's the most individualistic man I ever saw. He should have been a poor baron of the Middle Ages."

"Then, why—?"

"Why does he shout the language of it? Because it is a voice that promises to every boy the one thing that Jim Loyd could not have. Do you think he imagines Socialism can ever do anything for *him* now. He'd laugh in its face if it offered him anything. He wouldn't accept anything in this world that he couldn't take with the power of his own two hands. That's how much of a Socialist he is."

"I guess there's more to—to everything than one thinks in the beginning," said the young priest, hesitating a little. But the Dean made no comment. He went on to his conclusion:

"You are right to say that Socialism will hurt the faith and the practice of many men. But it is not Socialism that ails Jim Loyd. He has just got his head above the horizon of life and he has just begun to learn one terrible fact—that he cannot conquer life. And his heart is sore. Because it is sore, he bruises the hurt by turning on his Church."

"One day," he continued gently, "God, who is good, knows when—Jimmie will learn that there is something bigger even and more terrible than the loss of his ambitions. That will throw him back to his place. Then, no matter what scars it may carry from the lesson, Jim Loyd's soul will be the soul of a great man."

He reached for his breviary, and Father Huetter, rising, went thoughtfully about his work. The general relaxation and carelessness brought on in the town by so many people being idle, together with the fact that many were eating poorer food than they were accustomed to, had caused almost an epidemic of typhoid. And typhoid is a call that does not wait till the morning. The priest goes on the instant. Father Huetter had had just one undisturbed night in two weeks, and besides, at twenty-eight a man does not like to have his pet and seated convictions set aside with a word. It almost makes him blame his university.

His way took him down the main business street of the town. The strikers had hired a vacant store on this street and around the front of it a crowd was always gathered. It was really just a place for Jim Loyd to sit all day and a good part of the night listening to complaints and threats and evidences of starvation. And Loyd, as judge and guardian of the relief funds, which he himself gathered with mighty labor, had seen pretty nearly all that is to be learned of human cupidity and selfishness. They came to him knowing that every pound of flour, every pair of shoes they might get, was simply being taken from someone else who would need it perhaps worse than they. Yet they came and lied and fawned and tried to get things just for the sake of getting them, just because something was being given away.

Jim Loyd wanted money, wanted it passionately as he wanted all the things of life that represent power. But no money could have hired him to do the work that he was doing. It was thankless. Everyone had to go away somewhat disappointed. And there was real suffering, a great deal of it, that he could not relieve. Yet he could not leave even the details of the work to another. The women and the weak ones trusted no one else. And the strong would have bullied another. So he sat there day after day with the cheery, large

manner of courage for all, while into his heart his own bitterness ate and ate.

He had just finished frightening the wits out of a landlord who had threatened to turn three of the poorest families into the street if their rent was not paid, when one of the officers of the union came to his desk with the report that John Sargent himself was coming to Milton to take direct charge of the strike situation.

John Sargent was a man who sat high up in the general office building in New York and kept his hand—a thin cold hand of wire—upon every act of the Milton Machinery Company from the time the iron was bought underground until the last distant selling-agent had made his returns from Russia and South America. He was not a manufacturer. You could buy manufacturers, he said. Just as you could buy machines, so you could buy other machines to run them. You could buy men, you could buy ideas, you could buy patents —or steal them. You could buy anything, in fact, except the spark of life—the genius and the driving power to make your organization live. That you had to give from yourself. He was a creator, you see.

He was really a banker whose business it was to show credit and with that credit to acquire vast sums of money, ready, hard, unanswerable money with which to buy bodies, brains, and machines, that they might produce more credit, that he might acquire vaster sums of money, to buy more—. And so on, around the circle again. He was as much the squirrel in the wheel as was the meanest of his machines, but he refused to know it.

The strike at Milton had stopped his wheel for three months. He knew that in every jam of machinery there is sure to be just one pin or one piece that is causing the whole trouble. Lesser men waste time taking the machine apart and testing out each piece. The genius goes straight to that one pin, removes it, and—click!—the things goes again. John Sargent knew that the man in Milton who could keep four jealous races of people, near the starvation point, in an orderly, law-abiding strike for three months was the pin in the jam. He knew that that man was Jim Loyd. He was coming to Milton to remove that pin.

Jim Loyd had long ago looked over the heads of the superintendents and the manager of the works and had seen that the strike would one day come to a grapple between himself and John Sargent. And he had exulted in the thought of it. Personally, he might say, he had nothing to lose. He had nothing that John Sargent could take away from him. And while he realized Sargent's power to make people suffer—he could see it all about him—he also knew that John Sargent was suffering too, in the only way he could be made suffer. He was losing money. He could not lose much more. Therefore when he was coming now to take personal charge it meant that he was ready to do naked battle. Loyd went over the things that Sargent might do. He wanted to know what kind of battle it would be.

But John Sargent had not merely marked the pin for removal. He had prepared the tools for the work. The night before in New York he had written a telegram to George Atwater, manager of the works at Milton. When Atwater had cleared up the cipher and read the message twice, he tore it up slowly into very little bits and dropped them into the fan of the air-shaft.

"I wonder," he said bitterly to himself, "if Sargent thinks he pays me for work as low—and as dangerous—as that."

The telegram read:

"Spread report quietly Loyd dealing with Sargent to sell out strikers. Mention twenty thousand."

But Atwater had no notion of disregarding John Sargent's orders. Few people ever did. Before midnight of that night the report was the topic of raging discussion in four languages. Naturally Jim Loyd did not hear it. But all day he had known that there was something in the atmosphere, something in the way people had met him, that was not clear. When the report came to him that Sargent was arriving in town, he thought that it was a premonition of coming battle that had made him feel strange. About six o'clock there came a break in the stream of those crowding in on him for help and for orders and with reports. He sent out to a lunch cart across the street for a couple of sandwiches—his supper—and prepared for the evening's work.

While he waited, the telephone rang, and in the little action of lifting the receiver to his ear he found to his surprise that he was tired, dead tired. This was no way to be prepared for John Sargent's move, whatever it might be.

Father Driscoll's voice over the wire surprised him still more:

"Is that you, Jimmie?" it questioned.

The boyhood name—nobody used it to him now—brought back the old habit of reverence.

"Yes, Dean. What can I do?" He replied before he remembered that—

"Have you had a call," questioned the Dean, "to meet Mr. Sargent yet?"

"No."

"You will, then, I think. And, Jimmie—" the old priest's voice held a moment on the name.

"Yes? What is it, Dean?"

"Jimmie, take what I say the way it's given: Don't go alone."

"I see nothing to fear."

"I know that, Jimmie. Call it an old man's whim, then. Jimmie. I've lived longer than you have. Take advice. Do not go alone." The Dean hung up his receiver, leaving Loyd sitting in brown thought with a part of the desk instrument in either hand.

The report which all the town, except Loyd, had heard had just come to the Dean. Almost as clearly as if he had read the deciphered telegram, the old priest understood the plan. Sargent did not hope to buy Jim Loyd, though he might try it. But with the report once spread, some would believe it, others would waver, and the moment Loyd found that he was not absolutely trusted he would surely make some grave mistake; perhaps he would throw up his work with the strike altogether. They were counting on his temper and recklessness when angered.

Loyd put back the 'phone and choked down a part of one of the sandwiches. He was hungry, but he could not eat. There was something wrong, very wrong, with him. Why had not Father Driscoll said more—or nothing. Three years before this time, he remembered, the priest would have walked down

the street to him and told him, eye to eye, *all* that he meant. But Jim Loyd did not deceive himself. He knew that it was not the priest who had changed in those three years.

At eight o'clock that evening a clerk left the offices of the Milton Company ostentatiously carrying a letter in his hand. He was on no errand of haste or secrecy. He walked leisurely where the lights were brightest and the crowds thickest. A whisper ran ahead of him, circled around him as he went, and, behind him, swelled into a certainty. He was carrying a message from Sargent to Jim Loyd. The crowd did not reason. A crowd never does. There was a fact. They had seen.

Jim Loyd took the message, read it, reached for his hat, and started out into the street. Like every man who has power over men, he was always sensitive to the attitude or the feeling of a crowd toward him. As he walked through the crowds in the street he was absorbed in his own thoughts of the battle before him. He spoke to no one; looked at no one. But he could not escape the feeling that there were distrust and hostility all about him. It crowded him. Twice he half stopped and shook his big shoulders, to throw it off. But it followed him, annoying him, right up to the gate of the works.

A guard admitted him at the officers' entrance and led him up through the several offices to the room always reserved for the rare visits of John Sargent to Milton.

The two men studied each other swiftly as they shook hands. Each saw in the other a certain driving ruthlessness to get results. They were brothers for the moment, under all the differences of education and training. John Sargent used none of the preliminaries of thunder or condescension which he used so effectively with smaller men.

"You, Loyd," he said brusquely, "are head and brains of this strike."

"What next?" admitted Loyd impatiently.

"This strike is for the reinstatement of two men whom my manager discharged."

"It's for the principle that you can't and won't discharge any man without cause," Loyd corrected bluntly.

"Principles are capsules of words for weak people. You are not a demagogue. Why talk like one? Will *you* ever be discharged without cause?"

"No. I save you too much."

"What, then, have you, personally, to gain or lose by this strike?"

"Nothing," said Loyd shortly.

"Then listen. You are not a labor leader. You despise the work and the ingratitude that you know is the only reward. You have nothing ahead of you in the works. You never got the training, and you never will, now. You'll work there till you die of slow consumption. Yet if you had a business of your own, or the money to make one, you could go as far as you liked. And that would be very far, young man, very far."

The small, hard-eyed man laid one arm along the desk, and with all the air of one giving final advice said:

"You have brains, you have drive; add to them the money that I am going to give you and—sit down!" he snapped.

Loyd had sprung from his chair and lunged toward him.

"Do you think I came here with only one argument?" Sargent questioned coolly.

"One's enough," growled Loyd, "if you don't want—"

"You need not threaten. We are both men. Sit down!" he repeated. But Loyd turned to pace the floor.

"See here," Sargent began again. "You are thinking that you are bound to these people, that you have led them into this strike and that they trust you, that you would be selling them out. Now let's look at the facts. How long would this strike have lasted but for you. But for you those people would have rioted and destroyed property; the militia would have been called out; the workers would have become frightened, and the strike would have gone to pieces. They would have been back at work in a month. That's one thing you're thinking, that you owe them loyalty. And you're wrong. They haven't any strike. The strike is yours, body and soul—to buy or sell with.

"Again: *Do they trust you*?"

Loyd turned as if struck.

"When you were walking up through the crowds on the street to-night do you know what every man, and woman, of them was saying? Do you know the word that is in everybody's mouth in this town to-night? *I* do. I put it there. The word is this: Jim Loyd has been offered twenty thousand dollars to betray the strike. Will he take it? They do not know, you see, whether you will or not. That's how much they trust you."

Jim Loyd staggered to a chair. The revolting confession which he had just heard from the man did not interest him. He was struck too deeply for anger or disgust. Sargent was right—whatever means he had used—the people did not trust Jim Loyd under temptation. They never trusted anyone. For this he had slaved through these months, keeping them from riot and bloodshed and starvation! Now a word from this man who was their known enemy was enough to turn them against the man who had done all for them. He remembered the feeling of distrust and anger that he had sensed from the crowds in the street. Sargent was right.

"You think you see it all," the other man went on levelly, "and you are mad. But you don't see the half of it. This strike of yours is lost now. You may be able to hold your organization together for another month. But you cannot keep them from rioting and destruction. They don't trust you, you see. That will give me a chance to get the militia here, and that will be the end. But in the meantime my insurance is cancelled—you see I am putting myself into your hands—and they may destroy hundreds of thousands of dollars on me before they are stopped. Now, as a measure of insurance, of protection, I am asking you to call this strike off to-morrow. If you are the man you think you are," he challenged, "and you say you can do it, there are in that safe fifty thousand dollars in *yellow-backed money* for you to take away with you this minute. You see, *I* trust you."

Jim Loyd sat in a daze. His brain whirled in a blaze of flaring emotions. Anger and desperation against those he had fed and who looked at him with eyes of suspicion; a great hungry lust to kill this man who had ruined him with his fellows and who now offered to buy the wreck; and *fifty thousand dollars!* With fifty thousand dollars to start on Jim Loyd could drive the world ahead of him!

He struggled to his feet, tugging at his collar for air. He tore both collar and tie from his throat and stood there bare-necked, panting.

God knows what he was going to do.

In through the window, full-toned, certain, deep, as a voice from either end of time, came the tolling of the curfew bell from the Catholic church. For forty years Father Driscoll had struck that bell himself.

Jim Loyd stiffened where he stood. That bell had stopped him in many a boyish mischief—the tone and the thought of the man who struck it. Now, when passion and despair had pushed him back to elementary things, the tone smote him full in the face. He rushed blindly from the room and out into the night.

He crossed the street and the end of the town and struck straight away into the hills. He did not know, or care where he went—only to go, on and on. But when the mad impulse of flight was spent, he turned, to face the thing that pursued him. Standing on the brow of the hill he looked back down upon it. There it lay in the sharp white moonlight, an evil, black thing that crawled and crawled along the river. A thing of the slime, it looked—the mill, as it lay there stretching out its long, low, black buildings like feelers, that drew in the lives of men and women. Its black stacks were like the horns of some half-formed river beast, peering with blind eyes into the sky.

All the hate of a lifetime, all the raging passions of this night rolled themselves into one ball of fury in the man's heart, and he raved at the thing there below him. It had taken his father; it had taken his mother as she scrubbed its offices for unclean men to sit in; it had taken the youth of his own life, and it would take the rest. It had made him a machine, a thing measured in buckets and castings. And to-night it had offered to take his soul and his manhood. And that was not the worst. The worst, the terrible thing was that he had—he had *listened*! He might have done it.

When that thing down there, that crawling thing, could do that to him, to Jim Loyd whom all men—! No!—Men did not trust him, how could they!

There was one thing left, only one—but it was enough. The rage in his heart and his eyes turned itself down till it burned with the blue-steel flame of mad, but deliberate, purpose. He looked across the mill pond and up the river to the top of the highest of the hills. There on the very crest, nestling among the roots of a scrub white birch-tree, there was something that would square it all.

He could show them still that he was Jim Loyd, a big man, bigger than their suspicions, bigger than fifty thousand dollars, bigger than that slimy black thing down there that took their lives. He could show them that he was big enough to destroy that thing, and himself with it.

He skirted the town till he came down to the river at a point almost opposite the high hill. Here, under the alders, old Peter Choyniski kept a boat hidden. Loyd picked the padlock that held the two oars, and pulled silently to the other shore.

On the top of the hill, on his knees, he dug swiftly with his fingers at the roots of the white birch. He dared not use even his knife to help.

Out of the mold he drew a roll of stuff wrapped in black oilcloth. The roll was of soft fluffy cotton and in it lay embedded seven slender, innocent-looking tubes of yellow liquid. There was enough of the terrible explosive to destroy practically the whole mill, yet Jim Loyd's hand was steady and almost careless as he picked them out of the cotton and slid them into his breast-pockets. He was playing with Death, and he seemed to know that he would not be cheated in the game.

Under the cotton lay a coil of very fine wire, several hundred feet. In the center of the coil was a little black affair hardly larger than a wrist watch. It was not a watch: it was a tiny, powerful sparker, modelled after the latest type of self-starter for automobiles. One turn of the lock in its back gave a spark at any number of places along the wire. In the top of each tube was fitted a little copper plug with a cap beneath to explode the tube. It was a very simple and very sure contrivance. But this was no time-clock, that the one who set it might be miles away before the explosion. No, the man who did this must stand—and go—with his work.

It had been brought into the town by a band of murderous anarchists who, in the much-abused name of Labor, had tried to take charge of the strike in the beginning. Jim Loyd had taken the thing from them and had drummed them out of the town. Why he had saved and hidden it here he had never been able to tell. He would have tried to kill with his hands any man who had attempted to use it.

Now he stuffed the sparker and coil into another pocket and rose from his knees. He was going to do this thing deliberately and surely. No man would stop him. And he would go with his work.

He faced down across the placid mill-pond and the mill below, dour and black, and over the village now peacefully going to its sleep under the beautiful moon. There was peace —peace and the brooding of God's spirit over all—and he was going to—

At the farthest side of the village, lying up the slope of the rising hill, clear-marked like a cameo in the ivory light, was the Church. He had never noticed it from this angle. It was a perfect cruciform, and as he looked down upon it from this height and distance it looked like a mighty cross marked upon a giant grave. It seemed to dominate and to group the whole town around itself until it gave life to all about it. It was the *soul* of the picture. He stood there gazing hungrily, but blindly.

Then something dropped from him. His soul came forth to his eyes, to look. And seeing, it saw not the walls of the church nor the cross, but saw through and through, and saw the God of the Altar there in the Church eternal. And space was gone and all things between. So for one terrible instant Jim Loyd's soul stood naked and unshielded before God.

Mechanically he started down the hill. In the middle of the mill-pond he drew out the seven slender tubes and dropped them gently, one by one, into the water.

Father Driscoll sat late at night always with his books. When old eyes tired, with the strain, and sleep still did not come, he would rise and steal out quietly—he knew where was every board that creaked—through the back hall and the sacristy to the church. He would make vigil a while with the faithful little lamp before the tabernacle and then he would

walk down to the door of the church and open it for a breath of air. He loved to look down on the village at this hour of peace and to breathe his little prayer for all sinning and suffering ones in it.

To-night as he stepped out of the door, there on the wide top step of the church a man crouched, crying bitterly. He wept not as a woman weeps, nor as an angered man whines in rage or fear, but as a big, hurt boy cries—with long, wracking sobs. The old priest came over and, putting his hand to the man's shoulder, recognized him.

It was James Loyd.

As he felt the touch of the priest's hand the man rose and faced him. But he did not attempt to speak.

Father Driscoll stood a moment looking into the face of the boy whom he had always loved. Then he said, with finality:

"Jimmie, I do not know what they put you through to-night. I do not wish to, save that you have come through it and are here. But I do know that if ever a man had need of the help of God, then you will be that man, that you may do the work that will be for your hands here in this town for the months to come.

"Come in to ask it now."

And together they passed into the church to talk to God in the hour of midnight.

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THE RECITATION OF THE WHOLE PSALTER WITHIN THE COURSE OF EACH WEEK.

FATHER SCHEIER'S article in the January issue of the ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, under the heading "Integrum Psalterium per Singulas Hebdomadas", is not wanting in interest. It is prompted by a desire to see the ordo of the Divine Office simplified and unified.

Considered in that light, it cannot but find favor with many priests who experience a quasi-instinctive horror for rubricity; their zeal and their patience, steadfast in meeting the trials of an apostolic life, suffer shipwreck amid the complications —especially the latest ones—of the Divine Office. Numerous

no doubt will be the priests who in reading the reform plan suggested by Father Scheier will breathe more easily, and joyously dream of the pleasant prospect of being freed from rubrical bondage.

The Reverend critic thinks that the means to carry out his plan is ready at hand, being clearly indicated in the Holy Father's own wording of the Motu Proprio, *Divino afflatu*. The means is—to recite within the course of absolutely every week of the year the entire Psalter. Those charged with carrying out the reform swerved too much from the principle set down by the Holy Father by admitting the numerous exceptions which the recitation of the Psalms of feasts and sanctoral involves. That is the consideration whereupon the writer builds his system.

The simplicity of the reform plan is enhanced by the suppression of sundry liturgical laws and details, such as the commemorations, the ninth historical lesson, the Athanasian Creed, the Preces, etc., which are regarded as cumbersome complications, serving no purpose but to try the priests' patience, to distract and to annoy them.

What must be thought of this suggestion? Its author opines that "it may appear to some drastic, ill-timed, and not likely to be heeded by the Commission". Well, I candidly acknowledge that I belong to that class, and if I agree with him in considering his system as "not devoid of . . . practicality", I cannot subscribe to his further opinion: "If no good will come from the suggestion, it can do no harm."

Is my objection a fair one? Is not compliance in all its amplitude with one of the most cherished wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff the Rev. critic's chief concern? True, but the plan of the proposed reform, despite its veneer of Ultramontanism, applied through solicitude for the weekly Psalter, is deficient in many other points.

To begin with, it overlooks one of the greatest principles that goes to make up the force and the beauty of Liturgy, namely, its true *traditional* character. Moreover—and this is even a more grievous defect—it accommodates itself to the ignorance (too general alas!) of true Liturgy. It yields to the narrow and low conception usually entertained of this branch of sacred science by regarding it as purely positive

and arbitrary instead of restoring it to honor—the honor that belongs to that Liturgy which looks for the spirit of the letter, which descries the general laws in the mass of rubrical details, and causes the meaning and the soul of all old and new prescriptions to be felt. The plan leaves upon me the impression of a guide who declines to point the way to the travelers whom he undertook to lead through the tortuous streets of a picturesque city, rich in souvenirs of a glorious past; who sits down instead, a strayed and disheartened onlooker, and with the strangers dreams of tearing down and wrecking everything around, in order to rebuild upon the heaped-up ruins a new city with streets cut off at right angles.

The following reasons do, I think, warrant my severe arraignment. The Rev. author displays a grudge against the Commission for the Revision of the Canonical Hours for not having sufficiently realized the principle of the *weekly* recitation of the whole Psalter. He bases his strictures upon the fact "that during the year 1913 one-third of the Offices deviated from the purpose which inspired the *Divino afflatu*."

Liturgists had called attention to this fact before Father Scheier thought of doing so in the REVIEW. Hence was the number of exceptions to the ancient law of the Psalter notably diminished through the new Motu Proprio of 23 November, of last year: *Abhinc duos annos*. The general decree following upon the pontifical pronouncement assigns the ferial Psalms to all the days of the octaves throughout the year, the privileged ones excepted (Easter, Pentecost, Epiphany, Corpus Christi, and Ascension).

Thus have the wishes of the Rev. critic been partly forestalled by the Commission. Thus far the Psalms of the Psalter were obligatory on about 210 days of the year; they will be so henceforth on about 280 days. On an average we shall have for every day of the week forty times a year the Psalter and twelve times a year, special Psalms. The exceptions, which numbered 42% after the *Divino afflatu*, are now reduced to 22%.

We are, however, very far yet from the radical system that is suggested: "The Psalms of the three Nocturns together with their Antiphons are recited from the Psalter, every day without exception, no matter what the feast."

No wonder; for such a plan is simply not feasible.

Father Scheier might have convinced himself of it by a simple argument a priori. Pius X, wishing to show how much he wanted the Psalter brought into honor again, recalled its ancient usage, the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the canons of councils, the monastic rules; he praised the respect accorded this law of our forefathers in the faith by all the great reformers of the Liturgy; he declared he was moved by the reiterated complaints of wise and pious men and by the ardent wishes of bishops of all nationalities, wishes that were most particularly formulated at the Vatican Council; he added that he himself had for ever so long entertained the hope of seeing one day the Church return to the ancient and holy usage. All this notwithstanding, the *Divino afflatu* and the *Abhinc duos annos* allow the continuation of numerous exceptions to the law of the Psalter so much regretted by the Pontiff. The extent to which these exceptions should be allowed was a matter about which the members of the Commission may have varied, but they were and they remain one as to the principle of retaining certain exceptions.

Does not the ascertaining of this fact incite the belief that there must be some good ground for the partial derogations to the rule? Let us recall besides that the Sovereign Pontiff, when he gave expression to his wish to restore the Psalter to honor, spoke with more reserve and restriction than Father Scheier: "ut quoad posset, revocaretur consuetudo vetus"; and further, "His votis . . . concedendum duximus, caute tamen".[1] Truly wise is the reserve of the supreme head of Liturgy, and saintly is the prudence with which he disposes of the liturgical deposit.

We may here opportunely add a word about the traditional character of Liturgy and about the rôle that belongs to the true liturgical reformer. If the doctrine of the Church is the same under Pius X as it was under Peter, her worship also, which is but the expression and the witness of this doctrine, remains unchangeable. The form, however, of this worship may vary from age to age; it follows the evolution of the centuries; it increases and becomes ever richer through new

[1] *Divino afflatu.*

exterior manifestations; it undergoes all the influences of Christian vitality throughout the ages, of its joys and of its sorrows, of its struggles, of its triumphs, and of its loves. Thereby the liturgical traditions are formed.

Whenever at any time deplorable or excessive influences come into play a reform is in order. Such a reform is just now being accomplished. But to reform is not to make something new, neither is it to restore. A piece of furniture, an edifice, are restored; that is, they are brought back, as nearly as possible, to their primitive state. To reform, on the contrary, is said of living institutions which are susceptible of successive changes, such as Liturgy is. The true reformer takes into account all the good existing traditions. In Liturgy he must respect all happy manifestations of worship of the past and the resultant of his reform must necessarily reflect the whole history of Liturgy.

Let us recall some happy influences of the past upon the composition of official prayer, or rather let us give a few ancient traditions governing the use of the Psalter.

1. In shaping what was to become later on the beautiful Divine Office, our fathers in the faith thought first of the Psalter, which embodies the highest expression of prayer.

It is well known that the week is the cell, that is, the smallest subdivision of the liturgical year, and that the six ferial days invariably constitute one whole with the Sunday, which opens the march. The week, therefore, is a liturgical element of which the Psalter is, so to say, the form.

Mark that the intention of our forebears was not, properly speaking, to have the whole Psalter said within the course of each week just because it was the Psalter, but because of the prayers that were found in the Psalter and prayers at that which bore a connexion with the various canonical hours. The Psalms, therefore, were not recited one after the other in their numerical order; but in the Ordo of St. Benedict as well as in the old and in the new Roman Ordo, to each hour, especially to Lauds, Prime and Complin, such Psalms have always been attributed as are most appropriate to be sung at dawn, at sunrise, and at sunset.

2. This last remark is not without value; for it leads us to insist upon a second liturgical rule, which is also a tradition

of the highest antiquity; namely, the rule of the adaptation of the component liturgical parts.

Certain weeks have a tinge of worship peculiarly their own on account of the commemoration of some mystery or on account of the celebration of a great feast: Holy Week, for instance, Easter Week, Pentecost Week; and so also the feasts of Christmas, Epiphany, Ascension, etc. On those days the choirmaster designated certain Psalms carefully selected for their prophetic sense or a sense appropriate to the feast celebrated. Thus Psalm 21, "Deus, Deus meus respice in me", is the Psalm of the Passion of our Lord: it describes admirably the sufferings of the Messiah, and was, therefore, recited on Holy Thursday and on Good Friday. Psalm 117, "Confitemini," is the Psalm of the Resurrection; it is sung at Easter and on Sundays, days commemorative of the Resurrection.

Turn the leaves of your Breviary and you will find for Christmas a selection of Psalms (Ps. 2, 18, 47, etc.) that are marvelously adapted to the coming of the Messiah, the God-Man; on the Epiphany all the Psalms breathe the adoration of the Divinity of Christ made manifest on that day (Ps. 28, 46, 67, and above all 71). I might multiply these examples.

This principle of the selection of certain Psalms was also followed in shaping the offices of the sanctoral, as may be ascertained by a glance at the beautiful and ancient office of the Apostles and at the office of the Blessed Virgin.[2] All praise, therefore, is due to the revisers for having preserved these beautiful offices with special Psalms; for they are mines of devotion.

The versicle of the Psalm which caused the latter to be selected for a certain feast is usually taken as antiphon.[3] It follows thence that the antiphon serves not only to give the intonation but also to make known the motive that led to the choice of this particular psalm for the feast. It does more-

[2] In determining the place of these selected Psalms in the Hours of the Divine Office their serial number in the Psalter was always heeded. This precedent was ignored in the composition of the more recent offices of the Instruments of the Passion for the Fridays in Lent (which are no longer to be said in the future), and of others.

[3] For examples, we need but pick up the Office of the Nativity, of the Epiphany, of the Triduum Sacrum, of Easter, of Ascension, of Pentecost, or also the offices of the sanctoral. In the latest offices this law was again lost sight of and the antiphon was sometimes borrowed from another psalm.

over serve the purpose of suggesting the disposition of soul with which the psalm should be chanted or recited.[4] Sometimes the antiphon was repeated after each verse, as is still done with the Psalm "Venite adoremus" (Ps. 94), in the third nocturn of the Epiphany and at the Invitatorium of each day of the week.

The principle of the adaptation of the component liturgical parts is by no means limited to the Psalms: it is also evidenced in the selection of the Lessons. The Books of the "Scriptura occurrente" are not read in the order of the Biblical Canon; Isaiah, the great Messianic prophet, is read during Advent, which is the time of the awaiting of the Messiah; Genesis is read in Septuagesima week and Lent, for the instruction of the catechumens; Jeremiah, the prophet of the suffering Messiah, is read during Passiontide, and so on. A like selection is made for the Lessons of the Mass and for the short Lessons, or "Capitula", of the Office, as well as for the Gospels.

Occasionally one component liturgical part calls for another by virtue of the same law of adaptation. Thus, as an illustration, on the first Sunday of Lent, the versicle of Psalm 90, "Angelis suis mandavit de te", incidentally quoted by the devil in the Gospel of the day on the Temptation of our Lord, settles the choice of this same psalm for all the chanted parts of the Mass of said Sunday and for the "Responsoria brevia" and the "Versicula" of the office of the day and of the quadragesimal period. In the Gospel of the Tuesday after the third Sunday in Lent, Jesus threatens the Jews with rejection and refers them to the example of Eliseus, who cured the Syrian Naaman in preference to the lepers of Israel. This word of the Gospel determines the choice of the Epistle for the Mass of the day, which gives the account of the cure as taken from I Kings. On the following Saturday we have the same phenomenon, but inverted: the epistle of the temptation of Susanna (in whose church in Rome station was made that day) calls for, by adaptation, the Gospel of the woman taken in adultery. Examples abound.

[4] That is one of the reasons which would make it a crime to suppress the antiphons for private recitation. ECCLES. REVIEW, Vol. XLVIII, p. 326.

The idea of adaptation is at the root of all our Liturgy; in fact, our liturgical year grew out of it.

Just as the veneration of martyrs was born at their tombs in subterranean Rome, so did the feasts of our Lord originate in the Orient through the fourth-century pious pilgrimages to the Crib of the Nativity, to Bethany, to Mount Olivet, to the grotto of Gethsemani, to the Cenacle, whither the Christians went on the anniversaries of all the glorious episodes in the life of our Saviour, in order to breathe forth hymns, antiphons, and lessons " aptae diei et loco ".[5]

This adaptation of places and texts, this topographical link, if I may so express myself, was imitated in Rome: the Lateran, the Church S. Crucis in Jerusalem, of Mary Major, the Baptistery, are, so to say, like a reproduction of the Holy Places of Palestine, serving to localize the liturgy of the feasts of our Lord.[6]

When later on the famous stational Masses of Lent were instituted in Rome, component liturgical parts in keeping with the title of the church or with the place whereupon the edifice stood were ordinarily selected.[7]

We have been rather prolix in treating of the principle of adaptation in Liturgy. It was necessary to justify the conservation of our special offices and it has furnished us with an opportunity to show how much the Liturgy really talks by adapting itself to our senses through text and place. This human and live form of Christian worship impels us not only to follow the liturgical rites with devotion, but even to

[5] *Peregrinatio Etheriae.*

[6] The basilica S. Crucis in Jerusalem, built upon ground brought from Jerusalem, was the Jerusalem of Rome; that of Mary Major, which is said to possess the Saviour's Crib, was the Roman Bethlehem.

[7] Examples: On the Monday after the first Sunday in Lent, for the "Statio ad S. Petrum in Vincula," it was the decoration of the apse and of the frieze in this church which determined the choice of the Epistle and of the Gospel of the Mass; upon the Thursday after the third Sunday, when the "Statio" is at SS. Cosmas and Damian's, the Introit alludes to the inscription on the frontispiece of the church, the orations mention the Saints, the Epistle appears to be that of the dedication of the church, and the Gospel, narrating the healing of S. Peter's mother-in-law, recalls that both martyrs were physicians. Compare also the station and the chanted parts of the Mass of the fourth Sunday of Lent. Upon the following Friday, the "Statio" being "ad S. Eusebium," viz. near the most ancient cemetery of Rome, the Epistle shows us Elias recalling to life the child of the widow of Sarepta, and the Gospel tells us of the resurrection of Lazarus.

live them. Thus we approach the Christ, we live over again the life of our Lord in the dramatic anniversaries which we encounter within the cycle of the Temporal.

To complete the refutation which we have undertaken, there still remains to be vindicated the maintenance of the commemorations of the Saints, and of sundry parts of the Office, such as the "Preces", the Athanasian Creed of minor Sundays, the second part of Prime, and of the diversity in the Ordo of the various dioceses. This we shall attempt to do in a second article and at the same time take our turn to indicate means for the unification and the simplification of the Rubrics. We dare hope that our method will be found more in conformity with true Liturgy than the too radical system of Father Scheier; for we will base them (1) upon a more rational teaching of the Rubrics, and (2) upon the introduction of a perpetual and immutable calendar wherein the feast of Easter and the Sundays would fall on fixed days.

H. MEULEPAS,
Professor of Liturgy at the American College of Louvain.

WITHIN MY PARISH.

VIII.—MY NON-CATHOLIC NEIGHBORS.

THE thirty years that have elapsed since my advent into the parish have recorded many changes. Nothing illustrates better the difference between present and past than the altered attitude which our Protestant neighbors assume toward us. When I came to the village I found a flock few in numbers and scattered over a wide area. The days of "Knownothingism" were still fresh in men's minds and the bitterness and strife engendered by them lasted for more than a generation. The population was, for the most part, native-born, my eight or ten Irish immigrant families constituting the sole exception to the rule. After a fashion their coming had been resented, for the day when an acknowledgment could be made that the man just over from the "old sod" had something worth while to contribute to the life of the community was still far in the future.

The smoldering hostility developed quite actively when word was noised about that these humbled and unobtrusive folk were to have a resident pastor and a church of their own. I remember as if it were yesterday my walk up from the shabby railway station, satchel in hand. I remember how the children gazed fearfully at "the priest", and how the loungers at Bailey's store paused long enough in their discussion of local and national affairs to cast curious glances at my soberly clad person. Fortunately, I had not come unwarned as to the public state of mind in my new cure. The Bishop—God rest his soul!—was a wise shepherd and had taken care to inform me of some of the difficulties I should be called upon to face.

Nothing typified the initial period of our parochial life so precisely as our first church building. It had been built and used by the "Unitarian Congregationalists" soon after the split in the latter body. The original members died off one by one and there was no new blood to take their places, for the congregation, as is inevitable in the case of all schism, lacked the vitality necessary to self-perpetuation. The building stood idle for a long term of years before it was finally purchased by our people. The old structure was remodelled to suit its new uses and given a fresh coat of paint. From these renovations it emerged, phoenix-like, as St. Leo's Catholic Church, a significant patronage from the standpoint of Unity, if one chooses to look up a few events in the life of the first Pope who bore that illustrious name.

This pioneer church was a good deal of a failure, esthetically considered. In appearance it was uncompromising to the last degree, and its unlovely lines, both within and without, proclaimed the spiritual paucity of the system to which it owed its origin. Nevertheless, I grew to love it. We value peace only as we are surrounded by the din and conflict of battle. It is said that Von Lehen's wonderful work on *Interior Peace* was written in a religious house but a stone's-throw removed from a scene of dreadful carnage, where shot and shell whirled their messages of death and destruction. The old St. Leo's was "sanctuary" to me in a very real sense of the word. To it I fled for refuge when my powers of endurance had been taxed to the utmost, and I never failed to find comfort inside its walls.

I have always managed to keep up a practice begun far back in my seminary days: that of saying my night prayers in church, and I have encouraged my people to do the same. During all these years many have taken advantage of the opportunity thus afforded them, especially the mothers of the parish. Busy Marthas as they are, they find it difficult in their crowded homes to snatch the few quiet moments of converse with God that we all need if we are to perform bravely and well the tasks which He sets to our hands. There before the Altar we have knelt together countless times, the ruby light of the sanctuary lamp shining through the darkness and pointing us to God Enthroned. I do not know how much or how little our prayers have accomplished, but I am sure that they have not been offered in vain. I have seen wonderful things come to pass in my time, and I have no doubt that they owe their inception to the petitions of those early days.

Gradually we gained ground, at first foot by foot, then more rapidly, until the old misapprehensions and the old misunderstandings had, to a considerable extent, melted away in the clear sunshine of eternal Truth. I have lived to smoke many a quiet pipe of peace with the very men who had, at the beginning, flaunted me to my face on the streets of the village. Were I to be asked how the change has been brought about I should probably say that I do not know. The process has been continuous, and I cannot place my finger at any point and say that this or that accomplished the work. We have tried to *live* our religion, by God's help, thus commending it to a community sufficiently familiar with its Bible to look for fruit in those, of whatever name, who profess to follow in the footsteps of their Lord.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the entire population of the village as belonging to my parish, endeavoring to bear in mind St. Augustine's illuminating distinction between the body and the soul of the Church. It has been my privilege to respond to many calls for my priestly ministrations made by those who were nominally outside the Fold of Christ. I have knelt by the side of a dying tramp on a wintry night, with a rude pile of railroad ties sheltering us from the blast. I have baptized the tiny babe of an actress in a cheap theatrical troupe, and afterward I have commended

the mother's soul to the God who gave it life and have helped prepare for burial the tired body that was done forever with the vanity of earthly applause.

I have lost no opportunity, so far as I can recollect, of engaging in any work for the public good that did not demand of me a sacrifice of principle. Before the sisters came to teach my boys and girls I sat for some years upon the school board, and I am proud of my membership in the County Historical Society and the Anti-Tuberculosis League. In short, I have striven, however imperfectly, to maintain the constructive ideal. Is not that, in the light of the history of the ages, for what the See of Peter has chiefly stood?

My relations with the various Protestant ministers in town have been and are cordial and enduring. I have not been above learning from them in some matters of practical administration, and I like to think that my contact with them may have been conducive to the breaking down of a few of their inherited prejudices. In our discussions we most often take our stand upon opinions or doctrines held in common, rather than upon those about which we differ. I think no greater mistake has been made by Catholic controversialists than the drawing of the invidious distinction between the Catholic religion as true and Protestantism as false. The distinction really to be observed is between the Catholic religion as true and Protestantism as partially true. There is, as you perceive, a wide difference in the methods of attack. One, I fear, has served but to alienate further from the Church many good and sincere people; the other may be rendered capable of drawing many to Her.

Thus it has fallen out that often of an afternoon I have the ministers of the village as my guests and we have many a talk together. In summer we sit sociably on my hospitable, if somewhat inadequate, front porch. In winter we gather in my study, our feet on the fender of my ancient stove.

The most recent acquisition to our ranks is the young fellow who has been sent by his conference to look after the Methodist brethren. He is a bit crude, and the easy familiarity with which he speaks of holy things shocks me at times; but I revere his earnestness, his evident love for souls, and his desire for their salvation.

The Presbyterian pastor is one of the cultivated class who have made his denomination so famous for intellectual orderliness. He is decidedly clean-cut in appearance, always immaculately but unostentatiously dressed, and his manners, in sharp contrast to those of his Methodist brother, are truly Chesterfieldian. He is widely read in the English classics, and to catch the sonorous periods of Shakespeare or Milton as they roll from his lips is to experience a rare treat, indeed.

But chief among them is my friend, the rector of the Episcopal church, the one that stands modestly back from the Main street, with vine-clad walls and Gothic spire and windows. The "best people" belong in his congregation, but he himself is the most unpretentious of men. I do not think he is prized by them as he should be, and it sometimes comes to me with a sort of pang that, to all intents and purposes, he speaks one language and they another—in spiritual things, at any rate. He is a zealous High Churchman and for fifteen years he has been teaching them, so he says, "the Catholic Faith", meaning, of course, his conception of the Catholic Faith. They have never accepted it to any appreciable extent, and, being fond of him personally, they treat what they choose to consider his vagaries with an amused tolerance that must be far more disheartening than any amount of active persecution.

He is a charming, well-bred man, with a fund of Patristic knowledge such as I can never even hope to possess. But I manage to hold my ground excellently when we talk of the early Church, and argument follows argument concerning the witness of the Fathers to Petrine authority. He has (as what cultured Anglican has not?) a deep veneration for Cardinal Newman. I have repeatedly tried to point out to him the hopelessness of Newman's theory of the "Via Media", a hopelessness that is best demonstrated by the fact that its originator eventually discarded it and entered the Catholic Church. But my Anglican friend remains unconvinced. He shakes his head and says that his duty is to "remain where he is".

Oh, well! I derive consolation in remarking to myself that the Church's definition of invincible ignorance is a blessed and merciful one, and whether my non-Catholic neighbors come

to call upon me singly or *en masse* I breathe a little prayer for them that follows hard upon their departure and my invitation to repeat the visit and to repeat it soon.

IX.—My Convert Parishioners.

Many of life's tragedies and most of its failures may be attributed to the lack or the misuse of the opportunity for self-expression. To my mind, no sadder figure stalks its way through recent fiction than the sublimely melancholy one of Joanna Smyrthwaite in Lucas Malet's vivid and vital *Adrian Savage*. If you have read the book you can never forget the concluding passage in that unfortunate woman's diary. It carves itself out in one's memory and looms up desolate and solitary, the apotheosis of disappointment and uninterpreted personal equation.

As bright foils to this creation of the novelist there are a score of people who move about in the daily life of my parish. They are among those who have greatly endeared themselves to me, for I have an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances that have made contribution to their development. I knew nearly all of them when they were outside the Church and I have had my part in pointing them from doubt to certainty. I have watched their progress with the same close interest that a parent takes in a growing child or a gardener in a lusty plant. They are my convert parishioners, local representatives of a rapidly increasing army of men and women who are bringing their choicest gifts to lay at our Lord's feet.

When we speak of the grace of God as assimilative we pay it our highest tribute. As I take into account the diverse upbringing of these members of my flock and note the ease with which each one moves about in his new surroundings, I am filled with a sort of joyous amazement. In our treatment of converts we give ourselves rather too freely to the assumption that they are all "cut from the same piece of cloth", if I may be permitted a homely but descriptive phrase. In reality no two are alike, either in respect to personal characteristics or early training. The proximate causes responsible for their coming into the Fold often seem trivial, but it is not unheard-of that the trivial has contained the germ of a

great crisis in more than one life. I think, however, that the remote cause of the change will be found to have been the same in every case. It is nothing more or less than this need of self-expression, often undefined on the part of those who feel it most keenly. In my intimate talks with my convert parishioners this note sounds very strongly. All else is subservient to it. And once the flood-gates of the soul have been opened and the directive power of grace admitted, appropriating each faculty to the uses for which it is best adapted, the results have been such as to make me thankful from the bottom of my heart for my share in the forwarding of so mighty an enterprise.

It is an extraordinary paradox, by the way, that Protestantism, with its intense individualism, has failed utterly to perfect variety of type. Catholicism, on the other hand, stigmatized by the world as formal and indifferent to the cultivation of the individual, has in its garden an array of many-flavored fruits and flowers of varied odor. We of the household of faith understand very well why this is: the River of Life flows through the midst of the City in which we dwell; while the tree outside the walls, far removed from the springs that confer beauty and fragrance, has achieved a rapid growth, only to die barrenly under the assaults of the noonday sun.

Our Joseph Wilkins was brought up a strict Methodist—one of the enthusiastic, shouting kind. He became engaged to a girl in my parish and was received into the Church a few days before his marriage. Joseph did not take the step until he was fully convinced; but having been convinced, his faith is particularly staunch and well weathered. He brought with him the zeal of his Methodist days, and is indefatigable in rounding up the stragglers and bringing them back to a sense of duty.

James Muir is unmarried and lives with his mother in a fine old place not far from the church. He has been for a good many years the principal hardware merchant for miles around and is well-to-do. His stocky figure, honest, rugged face, and above all, his name, bespeak his Scotch ancestry. He and I have been friends almost ever since I came here to live. When I first knew him and for some time thereafter,

he was an elder in the Presbyterian church. Nearly twenty years ago the first Mission was given in my parish. More as a compliment to me than for any other reason Muir came to one of the night services. The sermon happened to be upon some doctrinal subject, and his logical mind was brought immediately to a point of interest that led to deeper inquiry. The issue of the inquiry lies so far in the past that men have almost forgotten that James Muir has ever been anything but a Catholic. Occasionally, when we speak of the old days, I laughingly tell him that I do not think he ever has been anything else, in spirit. A man like him has no need of being urged to frequent the Sacraments or to be present at Mass on Sundays. In business matters he has been invaluable to me. He is treasurer of the parish, and no duty assigned him is too onerous or too trifling to be undertaken. Like all true Scots, he dearly loves to hide his piety under a cloak of brusqueness that deceives no one. He is the soul of kindness and hospitality, and the village children have no warmer friend.

Muir's sister followed him into the Church and gave herself to Religion. She is a teaching Sister and at present is stationed in a town but fifty-odd miles away. I called upon her when there on business not long ago and found that the years had touched her very lightly. She is liberally endowed with what one of my seminary professors used to call "sanctified common sense", and its possession has rendered her of enormous service to her community.

The editor of our local paper is a convert, but his experience as a Catholic began before he moved to the village. He has discussed it with me, but with few others, for it was of a soul-shaking character. I should not wonder if it were responsible for the lines of maturity that show themselves upon an otherwise youthful countenance, and the grey hairs that crop out here and there.

He was educated for the Episcopal ministry and had nearly reached ordination when he came upon a passage that changed the entire course of his life. I do not know what the passage was, and its identity is of no consequence. He has told me that, afterward, when he came to read the life of Newman he recognized in the physical sensations connected with that great

man's conversion the very symptoms that had accompanied his own. He gave up his studies, underwent instruction, and made his submission to the Church. But prolonged worry, especially over money matters, overtaxed an already highly sensitized organism and there came a nervous illness that lasted for more than a year. Upon his recovery he entered the newspaper field and on his physician's advice bought our paper and came to live in our midst. The country, with its quiet, regular life, has done much for him, and his high ideals and sincerity of purpose are a power for good, both in the parish and in the community at large. His reverence for authority is touching in its simplicity. He says that he has never felt a vocation for the priesthood—that God has much work for him to do as a layman. I can do no more than advise when advice is asked of me. I dare not run the risk of forcing from its channel of usefulness a soul that has run so long a gamut of storm and stress.

Our editor possesses a keen sense of humor, and in common with all the members of his fraternity he has a "nose for news". Best of all, he is sufficiently well balanced to save a doubtful situation from folly, or worse.

These, then, are but a few of my convert parishioners. Each has brought his treasures old and new to the storehouse of Mother Church, and each has drawn tenfold in return. Each is happy, for each is working out his life problem in the cheery atmosphere of Catholicity. Our people have welcomed them gladly and cordially, and I enter emphatic protest against the statement so often made, that converts, upon their coming home, receive but cold greeting from their elder brothers and sisters.

Analecta.

SUPREMA S. CONGREGATIO S. OFFICII.

Decretum de Indulgentiis et Privilegiis Expositioni SSmi Sacramenti adnexis.

Augetur in dies, auspicatissimo fervore, fidelium desiderium, publice expositum adorandi Ssmum Eucharistiae Sacramentum, eadem mente qua iam vetus, a XL Horis nuncupatum, institutum almae Urbis ordinatur, et non dissimili apparatu. Attamen plurimae solent ad Apostolicam Sedem supplicationes porrigi, ut a Clementinae, quam vocant, Instructionis, ad rem datae, nonnullis conditionibus dispensetur, pro rerum locorumque adiunctis, praesertim vero ut nocturno tempore oratio et expositio ipsa interrumpatur, sive consuetis servatis indulgentiis ac privilegiis, sive novis peculiaribus attributis. Hisce mature consideratis SS. D. N. Pius div. prov. Pp. X, quamvis summopere exoptet ut res iugiter ad tramitem Clementinae Instructionis componatur, maiori tamen prospicere volens fidelium emolumento, et ampliori cupiens animarum in Purgatorio degentium providere suffragio, plurimorum inclinatus sacrorum Antistitum voto, de Emorum Patrum Cardinalium Generalium Inquisitorum consulto, feria V die 22 ianuarii 1914, ita decernere ac indulgere dignatus est:

I. Confirmantur indulgentiae, quae per s. m. Pium Pp. IX, die 26 novembris 1876, pro Urbanis XL Horarum, vel ad earum tramitem ubilibet habendis, expositionibus determina-

tae sunt, ac privilegia altarium, per s. m. Pium Pp. VII, die 10 maii 1807, concessa.

II. Permittitur tamen ut ubi exercitium XL Horarum, iudice Rmo loci Ordinario, fieri nequeat prout ab Instructione Clementina exigitur, sit satis, ad effectum indulgentiarum et privilegii obtinendum, primo die sanctissimum Sacramentum, quacumque hora matutina, vel circa meridiem, publicae venerationi in ostensorio exponere, et perdurante ipso die et per diem alterum eiusmodi expositione, die tertio, meridie aut de sero, Idem deponere, quamvis noctu expositio interrumpatur.

III. Si aliquibus precibus vel exercitiis, quae a memoratis differant, sive publice sive privatim in ecclesiis vel oratoriis quibuslibet peragendis, eadem adnexa sunt indulgentiae ac privilegia quae sub n. I citantur, quomodocumque concessa fuerint, penitus abrogantur.

IV. Ubi continua habetur almi Sacramenti solemnis item in ostensorio expositio, saltem per mensem, etiamsi de nocte interrupta, plenariam christifideles, confessi ac s. Synaxi refecti, et ad mentem Summi Pontificis pie orantes, indulgentiam assequi valeant, semel tantum in singulis hebdomadis; septem autem annorum et totidem quadragenarum, in alia quacumque, corde saltem contrito, peragenda visitatione. Celebrantibus vero sacrosanctum Missae sacrificium in eadem ecclesia vel oratorio, privilegio altaris, in defuncti alicuius levamen, die quolibet gaudendi esto potestas.

V. Quotiescumque demum diverso modo provisum minime sit de aliqua indulgentia acquirenda, pro quavis alia venerabilis Eucharistiae palam expositae visitatione, tribuitur, quoties haec, corde saltem contrito, peragatur, indulgentia septem annorum totidemque quadragenarum.

VI. Omnes praedictae indulgentiae, per modum suffragii, animabus in Purgatorio degentibus, ad cuiuslibet christifidelis arbitrium, applicari possunt.

Praesenti in perpetuum valituro, absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus.

D. Card. Ferrata, *Secretarius.*

S. CONGREGATIO RITUUM.

I. De Baptismo extra Ecclesiam collato.

Rmus Dnus Episcopus Versaliensis sequentes quaestiones de administratione Baptismi a sacra Congregatione Sacramen-

torum ad sacrorum Rituum Congregationem transmissas pro opportuna solutione humillime proposuit:

I. An, in administratione Baptismi, quando imminet periculum mortis, post infusionem aquae, urgeat sub gravi Ritualis Romani praescriptum quoad unctionem Chrismatis, traditionem linteoli et cerei?

II. Quum in Versaliensi dioecesi et, uti fertur, nonnullis circumstantibus locis, obsoleverit usus addendi hos ritus in casu enunciato, nonne curandum est ut isti ritus stricte adimpleantur, et sacerdos in casu sanctum Chrisma, linteolum cereumque secum deferre atque adhibere debeat?

III. An, quando extra casum necessitatis, quum Ordinarius ob rationes ipsi expositas, licentiam concesserit administrandi domi Baptismum, urgeat praescriptio Ritualis explendi ritus unctionis Chrismatis et traditionis linteoli et cerei?

Et sacra eadem Congregatio, audito Commissionis Liturgicae suffragio, omnibus accurate perpensis, respondendum censuit:

Ad I et II. Standum Rituali Romano.

Ad III. Detur Decretum Bellunen. 17 ianuarii 1914.

Atque ita rescripsit die 23 ianuarii 1914.

Fr. S. CARD. MARTINELLI, *Praefectus.*

II. DUBIA DE FESTO DEDICATIONIS ET DE OCTAVIS.

A sacra Rituum Congregatione, pro opportuna declaratione reverenter expostulatum est, nimirum.

I. An Festum anniversarium Dedicationis omnium ecclesiarum alicuius dioeceseos ita sit intelligendum, ut, ob enunciatum Festum, singulae ecclesiae suam propriam Dedicationem celebrent?

II. An reviviscant Octavae de iure vel ex privilegio concessae Festis a die 19 ad diem 23 decembris occurrentibus, quum ipsae deinceps a Festo Nativitatis D. N. I. C. haud amplius impediantur?

Et sacra eadem Congregatio, ad relationem subscripti Secretarii, omnibus mature perpensis, respondendum censuit:

Ad I. Affirmative: nempe ut in singulis ecclesiis consecratis agatur Festum Dedicationis propriae ecclesiae.

Ad II. Affirmative.

Atque ita rescripsit, die 12 februarii 1914.

Fr. S. CARD. MARTINELLI, *Praefectus.*

Studies and Conferences.

OUR ANALECTA.

The Roman documents for the month are:

S. CONGREGATION OF HOLY OFFICE through the Section on Indulgences makes public a decree on the indulgences and privileges attached to the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

S. CONGREGATION OF RITES: 1. decides three questions concerning the administration of Baptism, when it takes place outside the church; 2. and solves two liturgical difficulties about the celebration of the anniversary of the dedication of the churches in a diocese, and about octaves.

IS THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS THE SACRIFICE OF THE CROSS?

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In reference to the article on the above, in the March number of the REVIEW, written by the Very Rev. M. J. Gallagher, V.G., I beg leave to make a few very obvious remarks.

To begin with, I feel sure that the writer of this article exaggerates the value of the definitions of a sacrifice and the sacrificial theories set up by Catholic theologians since the days of the Council of Trent. He writes as follows: (to call them into doubt or impugn them) "is tantamount to saying that the Catholic priesthood of the world has been led astray by its teachers for the last four hundred years in regard to the inner nature of the Sacrifice they offer daily at the altar; but the promise is held out that if they will only accept the ideas of the Bishop of Victoria, they will again become orthodox and regain the lost ancient faith of the first fifteen centuries". Well, I for one have long since adopted ideas like those of the Right Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Bishop of Victoria, B. C., in so far at least as they rebel against one and all of the sacrificial theories in question. No doubt their authors or originators in the aggregate might, if they were of one mind, represent a "consensus theologorum," which it would be rather bold and dangerous to taboo; but, as it is, we all know that no two of them, let alone a majority, are in agreement. Which of them is or are "the teachers of the Catholic Priesthood of the

world"? Why should the Very Rev. M. J. Gallagher, V.G., have lost sight of the golden maxim: "In dubiis libertas"? At any rate, in my humble opinion those successive theories, extolled to the stars by this writer, form an ugly streak in the post-Tridentine history of Dogma, and if there is anything that has a bewildering and irritating tendency on the mind of the young student of theology, it is this number of conflicting theories, which seem to swallow one another up.[1]

In the second place, I agree with every word written by his Lordship in the following chain of argument, of which the Vicar General from Grand Rapids seems to fall foul. The Bishop says: "The Church has always taught the identity of the Sacrifice of the Cross and the Sacrifice of the Mass. They are one and the same Sacrifice. But they cannot be one and the same Sacrifice unless the sacrificial action in both is the same. In the strict and proper sense the action is the sacrifice. Hence an essential difference in the action is an essential difference in the sacrifice. Both must have the same sacrificial action." In this reasoning of the Bishop there is not the shadow of a flaw. There are numerous reflexive actions possible, in which Christ (the priest) is subject and object (victim); but unless the reflexive action is that of self-immolation, there is no sacrifice. I fully agree with the Bishop that the action in both sacrifices must be essentially the same. As long as such is the case, i. e. as long as the action in both is essentially the same, accidental circumstances do not deprive us of the right to assert for both sacrifices identity. Both on the Cross and on the Altar Christ offers himself to His Heavenly Father. That is the truth in a nutshell. Abraham obeyed; he took his only-begotten son, whom he loved, and set out on his doleful journey with a view to offering Isaac to the Lord God. The bloody execution of the sacrifice was prevented; but was the sacrifice which the father made in obedience to the Divine bidding not essentially as valuable as if it had been carried out to the bitter end? The theories to which I referred before, reveal perhaps no worse weakness

[1] J. J. Katschthaler, *De SS. Eucharistia*, Ratisbonae, 1883, p. 214, nota 1a: "Attamen annoto, ex eo, quod theologi catholici inter se de essentia Sacrificii Eucharistici dissentiant... immerito inferri, de ipso dogmate non constare, quo profitemur, Missam proprium et verum esse sacrificium."

than the total disregard for what is not flesh and blood and material destruction. The Christians of the Catacombs had a finer sense of proportion. Side by side with the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass they used to represent its noblest type, the unbloody sacrifice of Abraham, or, if preferred, of Isaac. St. Thomas Aquinas was equally fortunate:

In figuris praesignatur
Cum Isaac immolatur.

According to all those famous theories his was no sacrifice at all, because there was neither immutation nor destruction nor a "status declivior" nor what not.

Once more I am in the happy position of agreeing with the Bishop, when he suggests that we should divest ourselves of the theories against which he is waging a holy war, as long as the Church has never in any possible way lent countenance to any of them.

Has the Very Rev. M. J. Gallagher, V.G., not frequently attended missions given to our Catholic people and been ear-witness of the most divergent attempts of different preachers to explain to their hearers, as best they could, the identity of the two adorable sacrifices (I speak of "two" for brevity's sake.)? The one had this, another that, yet another a third or fourth of those theories, which none of the speakers was able to explain, and which none of the hearers was able to follow. To my mind the Bishop is right and I feel sincerely grateful to him for having spoken out so freely and frankly. We must indeed return in regard to this all-important and sacred matter to the ages previous to the Council of Trent, not through any fault of that august Council, but owing to the fault of those who, in endeavoring to answer a question which arose in consequence of the teaching of that Council, adopted a wrong method. Their method was on the whole one and the same. From the material (animate or inanimate) sacrifices of the Old Law, they formed their notion of a sacrifice, defined it, and into this definition endeavored to fit the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Though they had it on the authority of St. Paul, that "Christ dieth no more," that the one self-immolation of Christ by means of the shedding of His Precious Blood was sufficient for the redemption of all men of all ages,

and though the Council of Trent had again expressly stated that the Sacrifice of the Mass was not attended by any shedding of blood, still those theologians in consequence of their faulty method went out in quest of some destruction, a "mystical death" (= real life), a "status declivior", etc., etc.; but all proved in vain. Far be it from me even to rouse the suspicion as though I meant to belittle the illustrious names associated with these different theories. They had to face, so to speak, a novel problem, and attempted to face and solve it; but in attempting it they lost themselves more or less in the same groove. We have the accumulative evidence of their results before us *sub uno conspectu*, but surely only for one reasonable purpose, i. e. to try another road with the same sense of deference to the magisterium of Holy Church as animated them. That is all, as far as I can see, the Bishop of Victoria purposed to do; why he should be taunted with words such as these: "If they (the priests) will only accept the ideas of the Bishop of Victoria, they will again become orthodox and regain the lost ancient faith of the first fifteen centuries," goes beyond my lowly comprehension. Might not, in their own time, the same have been said of the authors of those very theories which fail to commend themselves to many of our own time, notably to Cardinal Simar, late Archbishop of Cologne, and previously Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Bonn, Professor Thalhofer, the famous author and teacher of theology, and many more. Forsooth, the Bishop of Victoria is not isolated, but, as far as I am able to see, in excellent company, provided your readers are kind enough to look away from the present writer.

But here I must be pardoned for taking leave of any thinker or scholar who upholds the *numerical* identity of the sacrifice of the Mass with that of the Cross. My principal reason for my valedictory attitude at this juncture is exceedingly simple and obvious. It is, because an action which only accidentally or in any minor detail differs from another, cannot be numerically identical with that other action. To choose the simplest illustration, though it may be rather unseemly, I only mention, that a fight in connexion with which there is convincing evidence of bloodshedding, will never be taken as numerically identical with a fight of the same kind, and by the same per-

sons, for which there is convincing evidence of the opposite nature; a court will be in no doubt that the two persons had two fights, maybe at different times, and in different places. But I again fully endorse the view of the Bishop of Victoria, that, unless the action of the Sacrifice of the Cross be essentially identical with the action of the Sacrifice of the Mass, there can be no identity between the two sacrifices at all. The only correct method to follow on the basis of this doubtlessly true principle is, to find out what was the essential action of Christ in connexion with His self-immolation on Calvary. We return to St. Thomas Aquinas. He commences his disquisition on this point from what we might almost call a first principle. He says: A sacrifice is an action, a voluntary action. To realize this is already a great gain; we realize then that a sacrifice cannot be a state or condition, however helpless and humble. Let St. Thomas continue: A sacrifice is a voluntary action of the person offering or of the priest of the sacrifice. And here we ask: What was the sacrificial gift or victim of the Atoning Sacrifice? Let us try to avoid all metaphorical language and secondary meaning, to come really to the plain truth. It was not the death of our Saviour, at least not this death "in facto esse", though "in fieri"; it was not His Blood as such, because, as Father J. Rickaby, S.J., in his *Oxford and Cambridge Conferences*[2] rightly points out, "blood as such could not act like a charm or spell to the dissipation of sin"; it was Himself, His life, that "He laid down for His sheep". This he did not do by self-destruction in the manner of Curtius in the early Roman legend; therefore He must have done it by a voluntary action which would, without self-destruction, lead to the loss of His life. This action was the placing of Himself in the power of such as would, according to His infallible foresight, take away His life. All these are clear propositions of St. Thomas Aquinas, which admirably harmonize not only with the Gospels, but also with the ideas and even the terminology of the other authors of the New Testament. The essential sacrificial action of Christ took place in the Garden of Olives, when our Divine Lord voluntarily and of His own free will delivered Himself up into the hands of His

[2] Pp. 280 and 282.

enemies", "of men", "of sinners", etc. In these different terms the predictions by Christ of His own self-immolation describe the initial stage of it. But it is more than the initial stage of His sacrifice; it is the hinge upon which the whole of it turns; without it the Sacrifice of the Cross becomes an ordinary execution, albeit a miscarriage of justice. Even the most heroic virtues displayed by our Lord during the dark hours of His bitter sufferings cannot raise these to the dignity of a sacrifice. That voluntary self-surrender made it what it is. That was the psychological moment; it was His taking leave of His own life. By that tremendous action the Sacrifice of the Cross was not only commenced, but was also, to all intents and purposes or virtually, completed, though not yet executed to the bitter end. From that moment nothing short of a miracle or of a distinct unveiling of His Divine identity could have saved Him from certain death. No doubt He could have changed even the hill of Calvary into a new Thabor; but "how then should the Scriptures have been fulfilled"? Cohibition or restraint of His Divine power and concealment of His Divine identity alone suited His policy of mercy, which revealed itself in the sustained determination to let His enemies have their own way to the bitter end. Two verbs are used in the Vulgate to signify the sacrificial action of our Lord, *tradere* and *dare semetipsum*; the former more frequently than the latter; and a glance at any concordance will suffice to show how often these terms occur in the meaning explained. *Tradere* has at times the secondary meaning of *prodere*; but neither this nor the fact of this verb at times being used in the passive voice can affect our assertion, that it always implies the delivery by Christ of Himself into the power and control of His enemies. It is, as St. Thomas points out, irrelevant whether the tradition is attributed to the Father (*mandans*) or to Christ (the mandatary) or to Judas ("voluntaria causa secundaria" of the action). "No man taketh it away from me, but I lay it down of myself, and I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again. This commandment have I received from my Father."[3] Very often the two verbs serve to summarize the whole Passion and

[3] John 10:18.

Death of Jesus Christ, both in the Gospel and in the Epistles. "He was delivered up for our sins".[4] "He hath loved me and hath delivered Himself up for me".[5] "Christ hath loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it";[6] and in many more passages too numerous to quote. Strange that we should have lost the use of this Biblical terminology in our own practical way of speaking; we use almost any phrase but this truest and most perfect phrase, when we speak of our Redemption by Jesus Christ. However, Holy Church has not forgotten it; during the sad hour of Tenebrae she prays so impressively: "Look down, we beseech thee, O Lord, upon this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ hesitated not to be delivered up into the hands of sinners, and to undergo the torment of the Cross." The latter was but the natural sequel of the former; after the former there is not a single action, to be attributed to Christ, in the whole history of the Passion: all that follows it is suffering, not action. But since a sacrifice is an action, we are perfectly justified in referring to the delivery by our Blessed Lord of Himself as the essential sacrificial action.

The essence of the Sacrifice of the Mass is action, action on the part of our Divine Lord. The priest indeed pronounces the words of Consecration, but the Real Presence is brought about by Divine Omnipotence. It is the living Christ, the God-man who renders Himself present under the species of bread and wine, and by rendering Himself present He surrenders Himself into the hands of men, the hands of His enemies, the hands of sinners.[7] The late Cardinal Katschthaler justly observes that it is not permissible to regard the fact of Christ being given as food to the faithful as the sacrificial action in the Mass; the Council of Trent condemned this view as heretical. (Conc. Trid. Sess. 22, can. 1: S. q. d. "Sacrificium Missae nil aliud esse, quam Christum ad manducandum dari, A. sit."[8]) But it is obvious that this anathema

[4] Rom. 4:25. [5] Gal. 2:20. [6] Ephes. 5:25.

[7] St. Gregory the Great (Dialog. Lib. II, c. 58) contains the following passage: "Qui (Christus) licet resurgens a mortuis jam non moritur..., tamen in semetipso immortaliter atque incorruptibiliter vivens, pro nobis iterum in hoc mysterio sacrae oblationis immolatur." Migne, *Patr. Lat.*, vol. 77, col. 425.

[8] Katschthaler, *De SS. Eucharistia*, Ratisbonae, 1883, p. 183.

does not militate against our opinion, though to show this by an illustration might be exceedingly difficult. The relation between husband and wife is perhaps the nearest approach to a suitable illustration; by the marriage consent they are given to one another, but not as if, for instance, the wife was absolutely at the mercy of her husband, as though she could be treated by him as he pleased: she is given to him, but she is not delivered up into his hands or power; she is neither a slave nor a prisoner nor a thing. On the other hand, it is true in every sense of the beautiful words of Father Chaignon, S.J., that Christ "never resists the will of the priests, coming down from Heaven into their very hands. He is at their disposal just as a servant under the control of his master, as goods under that of the owner."[9] Why? Because by virtue of the consecration, He has placed Himself in their power, at their disposal. But apart from this consideration, it may be urged that Christ does not give Himself as food to the faithful, but is so given by His ministers, at least directly; it is not His, but their action. Where we are concerned with the finding of the essential action of Christ in the Mass, that which is clearly done by His priests or deacons, cannot be allowed to stand as such. Nor does the Council of Trent show any inclination to allow it, as is seen from the wording of the "passus concernens"; it does not say: "Christum ad manducandum se dare," but "Christum ad manducandum dari". But we speak of something done directly by our Saviour, something that no priest on earth could do, the actual transubstantiation. His rendering Himself present under the appearances of bread and wine, involves His delivery into the hands of sinful man. (Need I say, in passing, that even the Saints fall under this category?) Exclusively at the Last Supper "se dedit suis manibus"; but even there the sacrificial action preceded His action of administering Holy Communion to the Twelve. And finally there is no necessary connexion between these two actions; he could and still can perform the action of delivering Himself into the power of men without subsequent Communion. Whatever name we may choose for Holy Communion in its relation to the Mass, integral or accessory part, there can

[9] *Meditations for the Use of the Secular Clergy*, New York, 1907, vol. I, p. 441.

be no doubt in the least that the Sacrifice as such is complete, though the Holy Host be left to lose the Real Presence in the natural course of time. I have dwelt at some length on this point, because there might be some tendency in unwary minds to invoke the authority of the Council of Trent against my humble opinion. I trust from what I have said even they will refrain from so vain an attempt.

But supposing that what I briefly call my view is correct, what purpose would be served by the duality of species? Would not either of them suffice for the sacrificial action, to which I attribute the essential identity of the Mass with the Sacrifice of the Cross? Why should He deliver Himself up into our hands both under the species of bread and under the species of wine? My answer is simple: of itself one element would be quite sufficient for a real self-sacrifice of Christ upon the altar; either of the two would do. But such a sacrifice would not carry out the intention of our Lord that the Mass should also be a distinct and palpable memorial of the Sacrifice of the Cross; in some way or other it must show, what the delivery by Christ of Himself in the Garden of Olives led to, His bitter death on the Cross. This death, caused by the outpouring of the Precious Blood, by its being separated from the Body of Christ, is represented both by the two species (solid and fluid) and by the two sets of words used for the Consecration, words which directly effect only what they express. The duality of species and duality of consecrations proclaim, so to speak, outwardly the inherent truth of the identity of the unbloody and bloody altars. In the philology of this theory there are no difficulties, as far as I am able to judge. The participle of the present tense διδόμενον in the Biblical texts of the Consecration seems to reach its full meaning only by our supposition, that Christ consecrating in the cenaculum delivered Himself mystically or invisibly into the hands of men (His Apostles), previous to His visible and overt delivery of Himself in the Garden of Olives. A similar remark is not out of place in regard to any Mass which is celebrated; for unless there is each time a surrender of the High-Priest and Victim into the hands of men, there is no σῶμα διδόμενον, delivered up *hic et nunc*, but only a σῶμα δεδομένον. In the Liturgies and the Patristic literature we meet not infre-

quently traces of the same idea, e. g. in the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom the priest prays as follows: "Thou art the Priest and the Victim, the One who receives the sacrifice, and the One who is delivered up (διαδιδόμενος), Christ our God".[10]

In the writings of Hesychius [11] the Presbyter there occurs a truly remarkable passage; he says: "Sometime in the evening Christ, anticipating His own passover, celebrated His cross (crucifixion): 'Crucem suam Christus celebravit'. For on the feast of the figurative Pasch after supper . . . 'supersensibile verum Pascha discipulis tradidit.'" According to St. Gregory of Nyssa, neither Judas nor the Jews nor Pilate had any real power over Jesus; it would be absurd to suppose that their malice had been the beginning and cause of the Redemption of the world. To prove this, Christ had offered Himself in the guest-chamber.[12] The inference to be drawn from the teaching of St. Gregory is obvious. Even the Secreta on Maundy Thursday seem to favor the theory under consideration: "Ipse tibi, quaesumus Domine, Sancte Pater . . . sacrificium nostrum reddat acceptum, qui discipulis suis in sui commemorationem hoc fieri hodierna traditione (sc. corporis et sanguinis) monstravit." But to revert to the Biblical text, the Apostles in the cenaculum were bidden to "take" the σῶμα διδόμενον: Λάβετε, φάγετε; in two of the synoptical Gospels the Vulgate translates λάβετε with "accipite", in St. Mark with "sumite". I have no intention to urge this particular detail, though δέξασθε, according to the distinction laid down in the glossaries (e. g. Ammonius s. v. λαβεῖν) would be the more natural verb to use for ordinary purposes, because δέχεσθαι signifies taking something which is given by the hand of another person, whereas λαμβάνειν has more the meaning of *capere*, to take, take possession, sieze hold of, etc. However this may be, there is at any rate a strange parallelism between this λάβετε τὸ σῶμα διδόμενον and the description by St. Peter of the way in which the Jews dealt with Christ delivered up to them: ἔκδοτον ἔλαβον λαβόντες.[13] In his excellent handbook or *Medulla* of Dogmatic Theology Prof. Hurter, S.J., quotes a passage

[10] According to Moehler, *Symbolik*, Mainz, 1888, p. 303.

[11] Migne, *Patres Gr.* tom. 93, col. 1082. Cf. Ep. to Hebrews 11:28.

[12] Migne, *Patres Gr.* tom. 46, col. 612.

[13] Acts 2:23: "Him, being delivered, you have taken."

from Cyrillonas, one of the Syrian Fathers of the fourth century, which I will leave in its Latin wording. According to Cyrillonas our Lord says to His Apostles in the supper-room: "Venite, discipuli mei, accipite me, me in vestras tradere volo manus." [14] The same Syrian divine says in the same first Homily on the "Pasch of Christ": "Our Lord immolated His body first Himself, and then afterward human beings immolated it"; [15] (in the cenacle) "He immolated and slew Himself." [16] Another Syrian, Jacob of Sarng, whose orthodoxy is not beyond doubt, says in one of his Homilies as follows: "A wife is separated from her husband when he dies, but this bride (the Church) was wedded to her bridegroom when He died. He expired on the Cross and gave to His glorious one His body; she seizes it [in the German translation: "ergreifen"] and consumes it daily at His table." [17]

The *αἷμα ἐκχυννόμενον* (or *ἐκχυννόμενον*) is quite on a par with *σῶμα διδόμενον*; the change of verb was naturally suggested by the nature of blood. The passive tense of *ἐκχύνω* in a slightly metaphorical sense may safely be taken as synonymous with *δίδοσθαι* in the explained meaning of "tradi", "to be given up", "to leave somebody's control or power", "to be thrown away or lost". The average dictionary of the New Testament Greek interprets the passive of *ἐκχύνω* as "to give oneself up to", a meaning which quite naturally arises from the root-meaning of the active tense. The best illustration is perhaps in Psalm 72 : 2: "Pene effusi sunt gressus mei", literal translation of the Hebrew: "I nearly lost control of my steps." The reasons why we leave here the primary significance of such a well-established phrase as *ἐκχύνειν αἷμα* are strong and weighty. The first of them is, that there was no real shedding of blood in the cenaculum; neither our Lord nor His enemies shed His Blood there really and visibly. The second reason, which is even more conclusive than the first, is the undeniable fact that the Greek phrase is never used reflexively in any shape or form, I mean, as referring to one's

[14] *Medulla Theol. Dogm.*, Oeniponte, 1889, p. 625 nota 1.

[15] Bibliothek der Kirchenvater: Dr. G. Bickell, Syrische K., Kempten 1872, p. 38.

[16] Ibidem p. 43.

[17] Ibidem p. 264.

own blood; neither with nor without αὐτοῦ; neither in the Old Testament nor in the New Testament is this phrase so used. It is only and exclusively used in the meaning: to shed the blood of another person. I know, it is a favorite expression with us, to speak of Christ having shed His Blood for us, or of the soldier shedding his blood for his country. In Biblical phraseology this exact phrase is perfectly impossible and is never used. "Effundere sanguinem suum" is unknown. Hence to say in reference to τὸ αἷμα ἐκχυνόμενον, that it means Christ at the Last Supper mystically shedding His own blood, is incompatible with the terminology of the Bible; if we say, "virtually", i. e. by giving His Blood into the power of men, and that it was this παράδωσις or "traditio pretiosissimi sanguinis" which was directly signified by the αἷμα ἐκχυνόμενον, the laws of Biblical hermeneutics remain respected.

Very bewildering in this connexion and very regrettable, especially on account of beginners, are avoidable mistakes made by writers from whom indeed we should least expect them. Dom Pierre de Puniet, O.S.B. (Solesmes), delivered a lecture at the London Eucharistic Congress in 1908 on "Fragments inédits d'une Liturgie Égyptienne écrits sur papyrus", which is copied in the "Report" published in the following year.[18] This newly discovered Liturgy has also the participle of the present tense, but, like some Gospel MSS., spelled with double ν. In his note on page 384, Dom de Puniet writes as follows: "This participle of the present tense ἐκχυννόμενον is in harmony with the Gospel text and St. Paul. I cannot say why the liturgical texts, both Eastern and Western, should have adopted the future tense instead—ἐκχυνόμενον, effundetur. In both languages the difference in the spelling is only slight".[19] I can only say, if all the Liturgies of the East have ἐκχυνόμενον, they all have the same as the Gospel and St. Paul, because ἐκχυνόμενον is the very same as ἐκχυννόμενον,[20] participle of the present tense; the future would be ἐκχυθησόμενον.

[18] Report of the Nineteenth Eucharistic Congress, held at Westminster, etc., London, 1909, pp. 367 ff.

[19] Translated from the French lecture, p. 384 of the Report.

[20] J. H. Moulton, Grammar of New Testament Greek. 1908. Vol. I, 45.

By His surrender in the Garden Christ raised His Sacred Passion and death (*in fieri*) to the dignity of a sacrifice; it was the only action of Christ in the whole history of His Passion. By His surrender in the Mass the identity of the Sacrifice of the Mass with that of the Cross is established. It is the only imaginable action of our Divine Lord in connexion with the Mass. No new Passion follows the sacrificial action of Christ in the Mass, because, whatever outrages men may commit against the Body and Blood, which they have completely in their power, He is now impassible in the most perfect sense of the word: "Christ dieth no more."[21] But if anywhere, here He is set up as a sign that shall be contradicted, set up for the fall and the resurrection of many in the new Israel. To all men of good will He is here an inexhaustible source of graces and blessings; to be this is the very purpose of the adorable Sacrifice. But those who are bent on frustrating this purpose will have to suffer the punishments of the Jews, because they make themselves guilty of the very crimes which the Jews committed against the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. In their different degrees "rei sunt corporis et sanguinis Domini" (I Cor. 2:27). St. Bonaventure,[22] who speaks of "contumeliae, contemptus, irreverentiae" against the Holy Eucharist, rightly says that he who is guilty of them "Christo, quantum in se est, contumeliam facit." And St. Thomas Aquinas, commenting on those words of St. Paul writes: "The sin of those who receive unworthily is compared with that of those who put Christ to death, because either sin is committed against the Body of Christ".[23] Executioners are still active and do their worst; but though they go on sinning against Him with the most damaging consequences to themselves, the Victim is out of reach. The identity is complete, with the sole exception of the *modus sacrificandi*, which in the Mass is without suffering and bloodshed. The truth of the impassibility of Christ must not lead us into errors. As soon as our Blessed Lord was dead

[21] Rom. 6:9.

[22] St. Bonaventure, 4 dist., 9 art., 2 qu., 2 et ad 4 (quoted from the Breviloquium, Editio Fribergi. 1881. P. 528.—Ibidem, p. 524: "Christus tradidit discipulis corpus suum" etc.

[23] Sum. Theol., p. III, qu. 80, art. 5 ad primum.

on the Cross, He was impassible, in so far as He could not feel what was done to His adorable dead body. That body was still in the power of men; as the late Father P. Gallwey, S.J., who in his venerable old age never grew tired of repeating: "He hath loved me and hath delivered Himself up for me", so appropriately points out,[24] His dead body was "the property of the Roman Governor and Joseph had to beg for it, because he desired to honor it." The Governor gave it away as worthless; the soldier pierced it with his lance. Was it all nothing to Christ, to those who saw it, and to us who know it? And yet He did not feel it, and they knew and we know that He did not feel it.[25] In conclusion, the idea of the Mass, a relative, though real, sacrifice, which has no effect but to convey Redemption, being impossible without some kind of destruction of the victim, is to my mind absurd. Is it not sacrifice enough for the God-Man to obey the summons of sinners, to hide His Majesty and Power and thereby jeopardize His clear claim to adoration and glory? And although He is above suffering of any kind, is it not sacrifice enough, to suffer men to mete out to Him every conceivable kind and degree of ill-treatment? Pilate "delivered Jesus up to their will" (Luke 23:25). It is a terse, melancholy, pregnant sentence. And so I think of the Mass: "Jesus tradit semetipsum voluntati hominum."

C. WIERZ.

Manchester, England.

THREE PRACTICAL CASES OF RESTITUTION.

Qu. I. Brown and Scot enter into partnership to conduct a lumber business. Brown attends to the buying and shipping and sends the lumber to a distance where Scot sells it.

In the lumber business there are set grades of lumber recognized by the manufacturers, but in the retail yards the practice seems to be that the retailers regrade their stock and sell lower grades for the higher. In many cases the lower grade serves the purpose of the

[24] *Watches of the Passion*, London, 1902, Vol. II, pp. 483 f.

[25] "When the soldier unexpectedly thrust his spear into Jesus' side, must not a general cry of pain have been raised, and every hand have been stretched out as though to ward off the thrust?" Father M. Meschler, S.J., *Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ*. B. Herder: Freiburg and St. Louis, 1909, Vol. II, p. 447.

consumer equally well, and in nearly every case the consumer sees the stock before purchasing. This regrading is not a thing that is recognized in any way, but the retailer gets an extra profit of from three to six dollars a thousand feet for his lumber.

After the partnership mentioned above has continued for some time, Scot writes Brown that he is selling grade Nos. 2 & 3 for grade No. 1. Brown answers that he would prefer that Scot sell "straight" grades. At the close of the season Brown finds that Scot had kept on selling inferior grades for the superior, thereby augmenting the profits. Brown asks whether this is permitted or not. If not, is he bound to restitution in whole or in part?

II. Jones is in charge of a branch office of a large lumbering corporation, which office handles a half-million-dollar business. His duties in this position are not clearly defined and what responsibility he is to assume is more or less left to himself. His work is perfectly satisfactory to his employers, yet he feels that through his negligence in not checking up the different clerks under him the company has lost perhaps 2000 dollars in the year. His chief reason for not doing this checking-up was to avoid friction in the office. He now wishes to know whether he is culpable and bound to restitution. He has not benefited personally.

In the regular routine of business this same Jones has to sign reports from the different departments of the concern to each of which is attached an affidavit affirming their correctness which he must fill out. Of many of these reports he cannot possibly ascertain the correctness; others he knows are not correct: for instance, clearance reports for goods in the Customs, reports of timber taken from government timber lands on which a royalty is to be paid to the government; whereby his company pays out to the government six or seven hundred dollars less than it should out of a total payment of twelve to fifteen thousand dollars.

Again in these Customs clearances he signs an affidavit that if he finds that the goods have been wrongly reported he will send a corrected report. In one case Jones clears goods from the Customs office from the invoice sent him, which invoice is correct so far as he knows. Later he gets a true invoice and finds that it is one-third more than the first one. He tells the Customs officer about it, but the latter is unwilling to reopen the matter. The company benefits and the government is defrauded of $60.00 on this transaction.

In no case does Jones or any of his clerks benefit by these transactions.

1. What is the force of such affidavits?
2. Is Jones justified in signing when he cannot ascertain their absolute correctness, or when he knows they are fairly correct?
3. Is he justified in signing when he knows reports to be far from correct, but must sign or give up his position?
4. Is Jones held to restitution in any of the above cases?

III. Company A. buys from Company B. a quantity of goods for use in its branch office. Company A. agrees to pay half the transportation charges. Later Smith takes charge of this branch office and is instructed by the head office to order another lot of goods on same terms as formerly, the terms not being otherwise specified. Smith sends the order and on looking up his books finds out what the former terms were. When the goods arrive Smith finds that Company B. has paid all transportation charges, thereby overpaying according to agreement some $2,000.00. Smith can settle the matter by calling the attention of Company B. to their mistake, but instead he notifies the head office and nothing is done. What should be done by Smith to rectify this irregularity?

CANADENSIS.

Resp. I. In the contract of buying and selling the matter sold must be morally the same, not physically, as the buyer asks for. It is said to be morally the same when it serves the same purpose. The *price* in this contract is the customary or usual valuation, though ultimately market prices depend directly on demand and supply and indirectly on the cost of production. The measure of the *just price* is the *vulgaris aestimatio*, or common apprizal, except where price is fixed by law, or monopoly or corners dictate it at will. Therefore, in the first place, a retail lumber yard may justly regrade its merchandise if it is the practice in other yards to do so. There is no injustice committed in this, because the *pretium vulgare* is fixed in just this very way.

Even though Brown sells grade Nos. 2 & 3 for No. 1, it does not follow that he asks more than the top figure of the *pretium vulgare*, since this is not, at least in many lines of goods, a fixed price, but one that fluctuates between the maximum and the minimum charge. It is hardly probable that the prices for the two grades which he sells as first grade are so very exorbitant, for that would be a sure way of ruining his business, if there is any competition at all. Everybody

knows what is done with the price of eggs, butter, and the various grades of these and other victuals. The unavoidable fluctuations of prices give room to a good deal of price-guessing and speculation on the part of retailers and sometimes they lose, and sometimes they make big profits. Unless therefore the prices charged for the various grades of goods are altogether unreasonable, it is not advisable to accuse a retailer of injustice.

II. To avoid friction between employees and the manager of a local branch of a business is certainly of value to a company, and even though the manager does not at all times act as severely with his men as he might in regard to their hours of work and other faults, if by his kindness and forbearance he can get all the more real work out of his men, the company will not be the loser in the end. Undue severity may make the employees do more harm to the firm than good. A manager must be free in many things to use his own discretion and judgment as to what course of action is most advantageous to the business. In the case as given, the manager is not making anything for himself by his way of acting and is guided by the best intention to work for the good of his firm.

Jones in signing reports from the various departments and certifying to their correctness by affidavit, may trust to the faithfulness of the men working under him. If he positively knows the reports to be false, he cannot vouch for their correctness without the sin of lying, no matter in what form his attestation is expressed.

His affidavit is to be considered as his word of honor, and it would be wrong to give it in the form of an oath in ordinary business transactions, unless this is demanded by law, and even if demanded, the intention is as a rule only that of a sincere affirmation. In many cases, however, the government affidavits have a double formula: "swears", or "affirms", in which case the affirmation should be made in preference to the oath, which is too sacred and solemn to be used on every occasion.

As regards the royalties and the duties to be paid to the government, it is understood that on the one hand honesty is

the mark of an upright man and lies in these matters are sinful. But on the other hand no one can urge restitution for defrauding in such affairs, since it cannot be proved that fraud of this kind is against *commutative justice* as there is not a violation of ownership and strict rights of possession but rather of the government's authority or jurisdiction. This, however, does not mean that lies and deceit in these matters are free from sin.

III. Smith has fulfilled his duty as an agent of his company by giving orders in the manner he was commissioned to do. If Company B made a mistake by which it suffered loss, it is its own affair to claim redress from headquarters of Company A. In any case Smith has done all, and more, than strict justice obliged him to do when he informed his firm of the mistake of Company B. In fact, he need not have reported Company B's oversight to his own firm, for he had nothing to do but place his order correctly.

A MARRIAGE CASE THAT NEEDS DISPENSATIONS.

Qu. Will you kindly discuss the following case at your earliest convenience in the REVIEW?

Titius, a non-Catholic, whose baptism is uncertain, and Titia, a Catholic, were married in 1910, before a Protestant minister. Titius is willing to have the children brought up as Catholics, but objects to being married again before a priest. What is to be done in this case?

Resp. As long as Titius is willing to have the children brought up in the Catholic religion, there seems to be a chance for the pastor to persuade him to have the Catholic marriage ceremony performed in his house, as he does not want to come to the priest. If the fact of Titius's baptism remains uncertain, a dispensation *ad cautelam* from the impediment of disparity of cult must be obtained.

If Titius cannot be brought to renew his marriage consent before the priest and the two witnesses, an attempt should be made, for the sake of the Catholic party, to get a *sanatio in radice* whereby the marriage is recognized by the Church without the obligation of repeating the marriage ceremony.

The bishop may not have this faculty, especially as there is in this case the clandestinity impediment together with that of mixed religion, and, for caution's sake, that of disparity of cult. The favor of the *sanatio in radice* must be asked of the S. Congregation *de Disciplina Sacramentorum* and the request should be addressed to the Cardinal Prefect of that Congregation. The real names of the parties, place of residence, diocese, and all the circumstances of the case as given above would have to be stated in the petition. Such dispensations have been granted repeatedly for the sake of the repentant Catholic party, for he (or she) is in a pitiable condition inasmuch as he (or she) cannot be admitted to the Sacraments so long as the couple live together and have not rectified their marriage before the Church.

MAY PASTOR REQUIRE CONFESSION AND COMMUNION BEFORE MARRIAGE?

Qu. There are unfortunately many merely nominal Catholics in my flock, and among these negligent people not a few are of the Italian immigrant class. In the case of marriage among these people I have so far insisted on their going to confession before being married. Nearly all the men go because I insist on it. I feel morally certain that they are not sincere in their purpose of amendment; yet because my predecessor in the parish made the rule I have insisted on confession, absolved them, and admitted them to Holy Communion.

1. Is it right to compel them to go to confession?
2. What about absolution in such a case?
3. What about admitting them to Holy Communion?

Resp. The ruling of a pastor that those who are about to receive the Sacrament of Marriage should go to confession and Holy Communion is not only reasonable, but is part of the pastor's duty to make sure, as far as possible, that the marriage is entered upon with proper dispositions of heart and soul. If the pastor knows for certain that his penitents are determined to continue to commit mortal sin, he cannot absolve them on general principles. The correspondent has probably in mind their habitual missing of holy Mass on Sundays. But let him consider the state of mind of the people with whom he has to deal in confession. With the immigrants from Italy he has to do

with a class of people who are altogether untaught in matters of religion, and he must keep in mind their ignorance and lack of training of conscience. Very likely they do not consider missing holy Mass a serious matter. It is very hard to convince them of it, as there is very little foundation on which to build one's instruction. In Europe they may have behaved differently through force of custom and environment, but not from personal knowledge, as their conduct in this country proves beyond a doubt. The mere fact of telling them that they are on their way to perdition by not complying with the laws of the Church does not add much to their religious enlightenment. Their lack of religious training in youth cannot be supplied in a moment's time; it will take long and patient work to train them. Considering the state of their minds they may be given the benefit of the doubt and be absolved and admitted to Holy Communion. Priests who marry such people without any effort to put them in the state of grace are surely doing a great deal less than the pastor who tries his best to lead them to a Christian life and practice.

THE CHARACTER OF SPONSORS AT BAPTISM.

Qu. In my parish there are many Italians, several of whom are practical Catholics, whilst others are living scandalous lives. In baptizing the children it is impossible to get practical Catholics for sponsors always. Frequently men and women who are anything but good present themselves as sponsors. Quid ad casum?

Resp. The laws of the Church exclude from the office of sponsors at Baptism heretics and persons who are publicly known to belong to forbidden societies, or are living in open concubinage. The mere fact that many of our Italian immigrants do not go to church on Sundays, or to the Sacraments, would not make it necessary to exclude them from acting as sponsors at baptism, for in many cases these people are so devoid of religious training that they see no great harm in neglecting their religious duties. On the other hand, Catholics who do not send their children to the parish school, and those who are given to immoderate drinking and other vices, are admitted to act as sponsors. Not that these are the ideal persons for such an office, but rather than create trouble and

perhaps give them a handle of an excuse for not having their children baptized at all, the priest often has to admit unworthy persons to act as sponsors. For the rest, lest by the exclusion of these "undesirables" serious harm may result, the S. Penitentiary has long since declared (10 December, 1860) that there is no obligation on the part of the priest to reject them.

THE MONDAY PRIVILEGE IN LENT.

Qu. There is a diocesan privilege of saying a private Mass of Requiem on Mondays. During Lent, according to our ordo, only one private Mass of Requiem is permitted on the first free day of each week. When Monday happens to be a free day, may the diocesan privilege be extended to Tuesday or vice versa?

M. J. H.

Resp. In the new Rubric adjoined to the *Divino afflatu* of Pius X "prohibentur Missae votivae privatae selectae pro defunctis in feriis Quadragesimae, Quatuor Temporum, II Rogationum, in vigiliis, et in feria in qua anticipanda vel reponenda est Missa Dominicae; in Quadragesima vero permittuntur Missae privatae defunctorum *tantum prima die cujuscumque hebdomadae libera* in Kalendario ecclesiae in qua Sacrum celebratur." (Tit. X, nn. 2, 5.) According to this Rubric the "Monday privilege" as such is void on the ferials just mentioned. This conclusion, moreover, is confirmed by a decree of the S. Congregation of Rites, 8 February, 1913, declaring that special local privileges of private Masses *pro defunctis* "semper prohibitae sunt in hujusmodi [above] feriis vel vigiliis".

SUBSCRIBING TO THE BUILDING OF A MASONIC TEMPLE.

Qu. Will you kindly answer the following doubt? Can a Catholic subscribe to, or invest in, the building fund of a Masonic Temple? Some justify their action on the plea of public policy. The particular temple referred to has the Masonic date, 5679, not the Christian date, over the entrance, thus defying Catholic traditions and the common consensus of the Christian world to the recognition of the birth of a Redeemer.

SAVANNIENSIS.

Resp. In the Bull *Apostolicae Sedis*, 12 October, 1869, Pope Pius IX repeats and confirms the condemnation of the Masonic Society first condemned by Clement XII, 28 April, 1738, and by all the succeeding Popes, including Leo XIII. From this it follows that a sincere Catholic will abide by the oft-repeated decisions of the highest authority in the Church and be one with the Church in his judgment of the Masonic Order as such. There is no question of the individual mason. Though the Masonic Order has shown less of open hostility to the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries, as, e. g. here in the States, still A. Preuss in his *Study of American Freemasonry* [1] has proved sufficiently that in religious principles and in organization the American Masons are really allies of Freemasonry in Latin countries.

Now to the case in question. By the Bull *Apostolicae Sedis* not only those who become members of the Masonic Order but also all who *do a favor to the Order as such in any way*, are excommunicated. What is meant by *doing a favor or helping the Order* has been explained both by Clement XII and Pius IX. "Those who give them council, help, either openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, by themselves or through others; those who give them accommodation for their meetings, or who are responsible for others joining such societies; those who frequent their meetings or help and favor them in any way." [2] The words of Pius IX [3] are almost identically the same.

What about investing money in the construction of a Masonic Temple, as in the case under consideration? None of the decrees seems to directly deal with this question. Does it fall under the general term of giving them any favor or help? In itself the investment in the building fund is a question of business rather than religion. Wherefore such a coöperation in Masonic affairs cannot be said to be more than a so-called material coöperation and does not mean approval or favor of the Masonic Order as such.

[1] *A Study in American Freemasonry*, B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., 1908.

[2] Clement XII: Const. *In eminenti*, 24 April, 1738.

[3] Allocutio Pii IX: *Qui pluribus*, 9 Nov., 1846, and Encycl. *Multiplices inter*, 25 Sept., 1865.

Theologians when speaking of material coöperation allow such action for a grave reason proportioned to the closeness of the coöperation. This principle therefore must be applied to our case. If the investment proposed offers a man considerable advantage over other investments, or if he has reason to fear for his business, as is sometimes the case, unless he invest some of his money as proposed, there is sufficient reason to allow such coöperation in the construction of the building in question. It is understood that there must be no danger to the faith of the individual. The circumstance that the Masonic temple bears the Masonic date is immaterial, for the Masonic temple as such proclaims sufficiently that it is not a place for Christians, as we understand this term.

One might object to the lawfulness of any such coöperation on account of the scandal that might be given to Catholics. To this I answer that an intelligent person will see that it is first and foremost a question of business, and does not imply an approval of Freemasonry, and, if necessary, the priest can instruct those who take offence.

A case somewhat like the one under discussion has been decided by the S. Congregation of the Propaganda.[4] It was asked whether Catholics put to work on the building or repairing of Mohammedan mosques must refuse to do the work. The S. Congregation answered that they could do the work if they feared great evil from refusal. If this had been considered to be a formal coöperation with the Mohammedan sect, nothing, not even the danger of death, could excuse. On the other hand, if there is no reason either of serious financial loss or of molestation, the coöperation in the affairs of other religious denominations and sects cannot be excused from sin, as an action of that kind for no serious reason shows that a person's mind is inclined toward such a sect or religion.

To attend dances and entertainments of Freemasons, in case such presence and participation bring them any gain, as is mostly the case when these affairs are held to raise money for a temple or other purpose of the Order, has been declared to be forbidden under pain of excommunication.[5] Only a serious

[4] 21 Nov., 1837, *Collectan. S. C. de P. F.*, No. 862.

[5] 15 Jul., 1876., ibid., No. 1459.

reason can justify taking part in these dances and entertainments.

Donations and subscriptions toward the building of a Masonic temple, or a church of any sect, are not allowed, save, as most authors say, on the ground of public weal. Other authors go so far as to allow this for grave personal reasons. In a country like the United States Catholic people often cannot help contributing for the reason that their refusal would be taken, in many instances at least, as a sign of hostility, and religious quarrels and disturbances may easily result in some places. Wherefore the common welfare often makes necessary such material coöperation.

A PRAYER FOR A PRIEST.

From a Sister of the Holy Child at Sharon Hill, Penna., who does some admirable artistic work (mostly for the uses of her own Community), we receive a tasteful parchment card on which the subjoined prayer is printed. We would recommend the card to priests as a souvenir in place of the sometimes elaborate, but rarely effective pictures sent to the friends of the newly-ordained on occasion of the celebration of a First Mass. This simple and beautiful prayer, with the signature and the date of ordination written at the bottom or on the back of the card by the newly-ordained priest's own hand, would be apt to gain him the grace of faithful intercession and affectionate coöperation of friends more surely than the formal inscription on the back of a conventional picture or design. This is the prayer:

O Jesus Eternal Priest, keep this Thy holy one within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may touch him.

Keep unstained his anointed hands which daily touch Thy Sacred Body.

Keep unsullied the lips purpled with Thy Precious Blood.

Keep pure and unearthly a heart sealed with the sublime mark of Thy glorious Priesthood.

Let Thy holy love surround him and shield him from the world's contagion.

Bless his labors with abundant fruit, and may they to whom he has ministered be here below his joy and consolation, and in heaven his beautiful and everlasting crown. Amen.

JURISDICTION FOR HEARING CONFESSIONS OF NUNS.

Qu. According to the recent legislation regarding the confession of nuns, can any priest, without jurisdiction other than that possessed by receiving the general diocesan faculties, hear their confessions, whether they are bound by solemn or simple vows, and when they are residing in their convents?

May the bishop still, for reasons of prudence, require that nuns residing in their convents confess only to specially approved priests?

VERITAS.

Resp. According to the decree of 3 February, 1913, regarding the confessions of nuns and sisters, the Ordinary will assign for each religious house *several* priests whom the religious in particular cases can easily send for to hear their confessions; and he has readily to grant the demand of any religious who asks for a special confessor. Any nun when seriously sick, although not in danger of death, may call *any priest* approved for hearing confessions and she may confess to him as often as she wishes during this serious illness. But it does not follow from this that priests without jurisdiction other than that possessed by receiving the general diocesan faculties, may, under ordinary circumstances, hear the confessions of nuns or sisters *in their own convents.* From the text of the decree in question it would seem that the Ordinary may, for motives of prudence, require the nuns, *when inside their own convents,* to confess to specially approved priests only, *salva tamen conscientiae libertate.*

FACULTY FOR SAYING MASS AT SEA.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In view of the fact that many priests who cross the ocean are anxious to obtain the privilege of saying Mass on board ship, it may not be amiss to quote the following decisions of the S. C. R.

No bishop can give faculties for saying Mass on board ship to his priests (4069, 2945).

The bishop of the port from which the ship sails cannot give faculties to a priest to say Mass on shipboard (4069).

By a Decree of 30 June, 1908, the Holy See has granted to our bishops, and those of some other places, when going

to or returning from Rome, the permission to say Mass on board ship, provided proper accommodations are afforded, and the sea is calm, and a priest assists (4221).

EPISCOPUS MERIDIONALIS.

THE ALTAR WINE QUESTION.

I.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In my letter which appeared in the April number of the REVIEW, I stated, from inference confirmed by rumor, that I was under the impression that the Barnston Tea Company was a Jewish concern and that the owner and manager was a son of Israel, and I asked you to investigate. I have since learnt that the Barnston Tea Company is a stock company; that all the members of its board of directors are Christians; that the majority of these directors are members of the Catholic Church; that all the employees of the Company are Catholics, without a single exception; that there is absolutely no person connected with the Company in any capacity who is of the Jewish religion; that the ownership of the Company rests with its stockholders, not one of whom is a son of Israel; that Mr. John Kempf, who has served the Company, as manager for the past twenty years, is not a son of Israel, though not a Catholic.

I wish you to publish this statement in justice to the Barnston Tea Company.

J. B. MANLEY.

Baltimore, Md.

II.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In your last issue I read a letter over the signature of "J. B. Manley" relative to the Barnston Tea Company, and I feel it my duty, not only in justice to the aforesaid company but also in the interests of the Clergy whose business dealings with this firm are of such a nature as to demand the utmost confidence and security, to state the following: the Secretary of the Barnston Tea Co., Mr. Lawrence F. Ochs, who is also a stockholder and a director of the firm, is not a Jew; on the contrary, he is a member of this parish, a thoroughly honest, reliable, trustworthy and conscientious man and a practical Catholic, and further, he states, and his testimony is worthy of credence, that there is not a Jew connected with the Company—that a majority of the directors and all the employees of the firm are Catholics.

T. A. NUMMEY.

Church of the Holy Child Jesus, New York City.

III.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In the March number of the REVIEW the Rev. L. Peschong, Procurator of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, warned your readers against unscrupulous altar-wine dealers. One of his paragraphs, on page 338, reads as follows:

"During my stay at San Francisco, a few weeks ago, Father Crowley and myself visited the Jesuits at Santa Clara in order to warn them against agents who buy a carload of their wines, then advertise that they had taken the agency for the Jesuit wines, but never again buy from them. *To my great surprise I learned from the Jesuit Fathers on this occasion that a very prominent Catholic altar-wine dealer in Illinois some four years ago bought a carload of Altar Wine from the Jesuits at Los Gatos, Cal., but never bought wine again from them, although I know he sells carloads of altar wine each year. This gentleman is advertising himself as agent for the Jesuit wines.*"

If such were the case, the priests of the Middle States who buy their altar wine from Illinois agents, would have the strongest reason to be alarmed. In order to quiet their consciences, we must state *that the Los Gatos Jesuit Fathers have no agent in Illinois and have never sold to anyone in Illinois a carload of wine during the whole history of their wine-making.* Our agents throughout the States have never discontinued the sale of our Novitiate wines nor the purchase of those wines from us, as we give unsurpassed guaranty for both our sweet and our dry wines. Had we an agent such as described by the Rev. L. Peschong, who would, after the lapse of four years, advertise himself as distributor of our wines, without renewing his supply from us every year, we would denounce him before the Clergy of the United States.

JOSEPH BAILEY,
Procurator, S. H. Novitiate.

Los Gatos, California.

A PLEA FOR FAIR DISCUSSION.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In the current number of the REVIEW Father Gallagher writes: "The Bishop," meaning myself, "maintains that the one physical bloody immolation of Christ on the Cross is the formal constituent of the essence of the Sacrifice of the Mass" (p. 298). His argument throughout rests on the assumption that I do maintain this. Now in the October number of the REVIEW I maintain, on the con-

trary, to cite the very words used, that "the offering by the priest is the formal constituent of the essence of sacrifice," and that "it is precisely because of this there is formal identity between the Mass and the sacrifice once offered in the Last Supper and on the Cross" (p. 411). Even in my first article on the subject in the REVIEW for November, 1900, I make both offering and immolation "the formal element of the sacrifice" (p. 452).

At page 305 the Father quotes me as arguing: "But it was the bloody immolation that ransomed or redeemed us. Therefore, in the mind of St. Augustine, it must constitute the specific essence of the Mass." I have never in my life used these words and the phrase "specific essence" is foreign to my way of thinking and speaking.

At page 298 I am quoted thus: "In order, therefore, that the Sacrifice of the Cross and the Sacrifice of the Mass be the same identical sacrifice, both must have the same sacrificial action; as a consequence, it is the physical immolation, which was made once for all on Calvary, that gives the Mass its sacrificial value and makes it a real sacrifice." The words up to and including "as a consequence" are not mine at all; the lame reasoning imputed to me I disown entirely.

At page 310 we have: "'But,' continues the Bishop, 'St. Paul says that Christ offered himself on the Cross as a priest according to the order of Melchisedech, which is exactly what He does in the Mass. Therefore both must have the same immolation.'" The words are not mine, nor is the reasoning. My conclusion would have been that they are formally one and the same sacrifice, because the offering, which is the formal constituent, is the same in both.

Once more, we have on the next page: "'The Mass,' his Lordship still urges, 'is the Christian Pasch, but St. Paul says of Christ on the Cross: "For Christ our Pasch is slain." Therefore the immolation must be the same in both.'" I have never put these words on paper. And my argument from the parallelism between the Christian Passover and the Jewish Passover is quite different from this, as anybody can satisfy himself who will take the trouble to look up the REVIEW for October, pp. 405-406.

"But the Bishop, in order to dodge the decree of Trent that the Mass is an *unbloody* sacrifice, while still holding to his theory that the bloody immolation of the Cross is the formal constituent of the Mass, explains 'that the Mass is a bloody sacrifice because Christ is offered *and there is blood in his body*'." Here are as many as three distinct misrepresentations. (1) I do not hold that the bloody immolation on the Cross is the formal constituent of the Mass. (2) The words quoted as if they were mine are not mine. (3) The thought expressed by them never once entered into my mind, and the fact of its being so stupid makes the attribution of it to me the more unfair.

As if anybody in his right senses could conceive such a reason for affirming that the Mass is a bloody sacrifice! Besides, I have never said that the Mass is a bloody sacrifice. What I have said is that "It will not do to lay too much stress on the word 'unbloody', as if the meaning were that the Blood of Christ is not really offered, for it is really offered, though under the appearance of wine." [1]

I reserve the right, in the interests both of truth and justice, to go into the matter more fully when I have the leisure. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that what I am putting forward is no new theory, but the old traditional belief of the Church regarding the Holy Mass. If I am wrong, I am willing to be set right. But I desiderate fairer treatment and a more impartial judge.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
Bishop of Victoria.

THE CANON SHEEHAN MEMORIAL FUND.

The interest elicited by the opening of our subscription list for the Canon Sheehan Memorial Fund grows apace and already there is every promise that a very respectable sum will be raised. The priests of America were the first literary friends of the late parish priest of Doneraile. It was for them especially that he wrote the most notable composition of his scholarly and priestly pen, and in gratitude for the encouragement which they gave him and for their discrimination he offered to them first his other works. In this way the Catholic Clergy of the United States have become the particular debtors of the deceased author, and they are showing their appreciation of his genius and his services by their generous subscriptions to the projected Memorial. Our readers in Canada and in Australia may likewise be counted on to do their share in the good work.

The character of the memorial itself has not yet been determined upon, but if our expectations are realized we would suggest that it take the form of a beautiful altar, or perhaps a memorial chapel in connexion with the Parish Church of Doneraile. Here later on the body of the writer-priest could be laid to rest, in the village where he chose to stay when higher honors were offered to him, and in the midst of the people for whom he labored to the last and with whom it was his wish to

[1] ECCL. REVIEW, Vol. XLIX, p. 410.

remain even in death. Thither in the years to come his own people and the friends he has won by his missionary pen will go as it were in pilgrimage to the shrine of Ireland's greatest literary genius of later times. If the memorial take the form of an altar, a finely-executed head of the dead priest-author could be suitably placed in a medallion at the side of the altar, just as bronze or marble busts of Dante, Raphael, and others are seen in Italy; on the other hand, if the suggestion of the chapel monument be adopted, a tablet with suitable inscription and portrait could be placed where the visitor may easily see it.

Since the last list of subscriptions was published we have received the following:

THE CANON SHEEHAN MEMORIAL FUND.

Previously acknowledged	$277.00
The Right Rev. C. E. McDonnell, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn, N. Y.	50.00
The Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, D.D., Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va.	5.00
The Right Rev. Leo Haid, O.S.B., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina	10.00
The Right Rev. J. J. Fox, D.D., Bishop of Green Bay, Wisconsin	10.00
The Right Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, D.D., Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa	10.00
The Right Rev. J. E. Fitzmaurice, D.D., Bishop of Erie, Pa.	25.00
The Most Rev. Jas. H. Blenk, S.M., D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans, La.	10.00
The Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Toledo, O.	25.00
The Right Rev. Thomas Grace, D.D., Bishop of Sacramento, Calif.	20.00
The Rev. W. J. Lallou, Philadelphia	5.00
The Rev. F. X. Wastl, Philadelphia	10.00
The Very Rev. T. J. McCarty, Carroll, Iowa	5.00
The Rev. P. J. Judge, Omaha, Nebraska	5.00
Poor Texas Missionary	.25
The Rev. J. H. Gaughan, Minneapolis, Minn.	5.00
The Rev. Daniel Daly, Elma, Washington	5.00
The Very Rev. Mgr. J. N. Connolly, New York, N. Y.	10.00
The Very Rev. W. J. Teurlings, Lafayette, La.	3.00
The Rev. Hubert Hammeke, Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00

The Rev. M. Bennett, Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
The Rev. Paul Lisicky, Lansford, Pa.	5.00

ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS MADE OF THE FOLLOWING SUBSCRIPTIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN SENT TO DONERAILE DIRECT:

The Rev. Daniel W. Ellard, Nashville, Tennessee	25.00
Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.	5.00
Father Graham, Jefferson	5.00
Father O'Regan, Newbury, Mass.	5.00
The Rev. Vladimir Petrovsky, Chauncy Avenue, Chicago, Ill.	5.00
The Rev. Stephen Woulfe, Chicago, Illinois	5.00
The Rev. M. J. Fennessy, Chicago, Illinois	2.00
The Rev. Lawrence Farley, St. Raymond's, New York City.	2.00
Father Kearney, St. Paul's	2.50
Father Dollard	5.00
Father Downey	5.00
Brother B. Burke, California	5.00
Mr. O'Hallarnon, New York	15.00
Mr. Burke, New York	5.00
Mr. Lellis, New York	5.00
Miss Hanlan, Philadelphia	5.00
Miss Conroy, Chicago, Illinois	1.00
The Hon. Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court of the United States (Son of Oliver Wendell Holmes)	50.00
Dr. M. Healy, Denver, Colorado	10.00
Presentation Convent, Fargo, North Dakota	5.00

Ecclesiastical Library Table.

ST. PAUL AND THE PAROUSIA.

Reply to Father Lattey and Dr. Moulton.

To the Editor, THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In his defence [1] of the interpretation that the *Westminster Version* gives to I Thes. 4: 15-17, Fr. Lattey takes me up from the standpoint first of *inspiration*, then of *grammar*.

1. Inspiration. The moot passage runs in part: "Then we that live, that are left, withal shall be taken up with them in the clouds to meet Christ into the air." Does St. Paul here say that the Parousia will be during his lifetime? He cannot have meant to say so. Had he said so, he would have erred; the inspired word of God would have erred; the error would be that of the Holy Spirit more than that of Paul. And so I took Fr. Lattey's interpretation to task [2] on the score of inspiration; for he interpreted the above passage as St. Paul's "evident expectation that he himself would see the final end."

Fr. Lattey's answer is: "St. Paul is in error where he is writing with *certainty and conviction*, no; where he makes it clear there is *no fixed conviction* in his mind,—possibly, and in this case yes." The fact of the matter is, then, that St. Paul here errs!

But what about the inspired meaning of the text? If the Apostle merely gives out a conjecture that he will see the end of the world, and this erroneous conjecture is not guaranteed by inspiration, what is guaranteed? What does the Holy Spirit mean to say? What does Paul, by the *charisma* of the Holy Spirit, mean to say? What is the true and inspired meaning of the text besides the private conjecture and uninspired error of Paul? For, under the influence of inspiration, the sacred writer conceives correctly something which he wills to write; there is a something true which the Holy Spirit makes him to will to express in written words; whatsoever he expresses of his inspired mind in his inspired writing is absolutely free from error. This is the teaching of Leo XIII in

[1] ECCL. REV., March, 1914.
[2] ECCL. REV., Dec., 1913.

Providentissimus Deus: "He, by His supernatural power, so aroused and moved them (the sacred writers) to write, so aided them while writing, that they correctly conceived in mind and faithfully willed to write down and aptly expressed with infallible truth *all those things and only those things* which He ordained."

According to Fr. Lattey, I take it, the thought in the moot passage which St. Paul, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, "correctly conceived in mind and faithfully willed to write down and aptly expressed with infallible truth", is not *we which live shall be taken up . . . to meet Christ*; for Paul includes himself in *we* and errs in so doing. Then *the whole truth and the only truth* which God ordained to be expressed in these words to the Thessalonians is that St. Paul had a *mere conjecture* that he and they would see the end.

This thought is not clearly in the passage. The sacred writer does not "make it clear there is *no fixed conviction* in his mind". The face value of the words is against such an interpretation. The statement contains no hint that the face value of the words is *mere conjecture* and that the inspired meaning is hid away behind this *mere conjecture*. Quite the reverse; to make sure that his words be accepted as no mere private opinion, St. Paul guarantees them on the authority of God revealing. "For this we say to you *in the word of our Lord*, that we which live, which are remaining to the coming of our Lord, shall not precede them that have slept." This *word of the Lord* Fr. Lattey limits to only one of the two complete thoughts above; it refers not to the thought that St. Paul will see the coming of the Lord, but to the assurance that at the Parousia *the living* "shall not precede them that have slept". "The point of revelation is that those who are alive at the last day will not die at all, not that St. Paul or the Thessalonians were to be among them". This seems to be an unwarranted limitation set to the phrase *in the word of the Lord*. There are two complete thoughts of which *we which live* is the subject: first, that *we which live* shall see the coming of the Lord; secondly, that *we which live* shall not have precedence and leave behind those that have already died,—both the living and the dead shall have equal part in the glory of the Parousia. It is arbitrary to say that, so long as the subject is *we which*

live, these two thoughts are mere conjecture on the part of Paul; and to limit *the word of the Lord* to a part of the second complete thought; and to assign a new subject—*the living* at the end of the world—as meant by *the word of the Lord* and not by Paul's conjecture.

Vain is Fr. Lattey's appeal to the authority of Fr. Pesch.[3] What Fr. Pesch says we readily admit. "If the sacred writer speaks vaguely or doubtfully, God, to be sure, is not in doubt or ignorance, but He witnesses to the doubt or possible ignorance of the sacred writer." The application of these words to the text in question we disallow. Fr. Pesch himself goes on to apply his general principle. In I Cor. 1 : 16—"I baptized the household of Stephen; besides I know not whether I baptized any other," God witnesses to the ignorance of St. Paul. In Acts 25 : 6, "having tarried among them no more than eight or ten days", God witnesses to the doubt Luke had whether Festus had been eight or ten days at Jerusalem. In John 2 : 6, "there were set there six water-pots . . containing two or three measures apiece", God witnesses to the doubt John had as to the capacity of the water-jars. Fr. Pesch applies his doctrine neither to our moot-text nor to any like it.

The second citation from Pesch [4] is not in point. Fr. Lattey introduces it with the words: "And again, applying this doctrine to the matter in hand, he writes". It is well to note that first, Pesch is *not applying the same principle*, but a new one; secondly, he has *not the same matter in hand* as Fr. Lattey has.

Only a part of the important note of Pesch is cited by Fr. Lattey,—and that in both Latin and English; the remark is then added: "I think the impartial reader will admit that these words cover the interpretation I have put forward". I make answer: Not if he reads the whole note. The interpretation Fr. Lattey has put forward is that of the inspired meaning of our text,—to wit, that God witnesses to the fact that St. Paul had a mere conjecture he would see the end. The words of Fr. Pesch have nothing to do with the inspired meaning of the text, but only with the wrong ideas the sacred writer may have in the back of his head and does not express in his written words as his inspired meaning. The note begins:

[3] *De Inspiratione*, p. 453, sec. 445.
[4] Ibid., p. 459, sec. 450.

"Plane extra provinciam inspirationis sunt sententiae quas hagiographus in mente habet, sed quas non vult verbis enuntiare." Fr. Pesch is treating the ideas not expressed in the sacred text; Fr. Lattey is interpreting that text. Fr. Pesch *has not the same matter in hand* as Fr. Lattey has.

2. Grammar. First, in regard to the Vulgate *nos qui vivimus*. Fr. Lattey says of me: "even he would scarcely say that the Vulgate admits of this interpretation",—as a conditional clause. I reply that I have made no attempt to interpret the Vulgate translation in question; nor have I given any ground upon which to set so silly a surmise as the construction of *qui vivimus* as a conditional clause. It is likely that St. Jerome took ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες as indefinite and translated by the indefinite *nos*. This is the interpretation of Knabenbauer.[5] In the original text, too, it seems to me that the subject may readily be interpreted as the indefinite ἡμεῖς —*we the living*, whosoever we may be, as opposed to the *dead*. Such is Fr. Fonck's view.[6]

Secondly, in regard to the possibility of construing ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες as conditional. Let us not forget the main issue. In the *Catholic Encyclopedia*,[7] I held that the original text might be translated: "We, if we be alive,—if we be left (on earth), —shall be taken up, etc." The participle ζῶντες might be construed as taking the place of the verb of a protasis. The interpretation was new and had its weak spot. Fr. Lattey failed to see that weak spot and attacked the interpretation where it was strongest. He wrote: "If the subject of the participle were *indefinite and in the third person*, it might indeed be taken conditionally . . . But this rendering is impossible where the subject is *definite*."[8] I then showed that in so writing he flew in the face of commonest Greek usage.[9] This was the main grammatical issue between us. It is not mentioned by Fr. Lattey in his recent reply. It is referred to by Dr. Moulton: "Did anyone ever question the possibility of putting a conditional participle with a definite first person?" I answer, Yes, Fr. Lattey.

[5] *II Commentarius in S. Pauli Epistolas*, V; Paris: Lethielleux; 1913; in loc.
[6] *Quaestiones Paulinae*, p. 45; Rome, 1910.
[7] S. v. Thessalonians.
[8] Cf. *Westminster Version*, Thessalonians, p. 18.
[9] Eccl. Rev., Dec., 1913, p. 731.

Dr. Moulton, in his reply to my interpretation, has put his finger on this weak spot. "When the articular participle has so perfectly precise a definite pronoun attached as ἡμεῖς, it seems to me that we cannot possibly regard it as conditional or as a substitute for a protasis."

First, I hold that ἡμεῖς, though a *perfectly precise definite pronoun* in form, may be construed as indefinite in its present context. "We the living, whoever we may be,—as opposed to the dead,—whoever they may be,—shall be taken up etc." Dr. Moulton admits: "Grammar is full of such cases."

Secondly, the articular participle construed with a noun or a pronoun must be attributive in Attic; it cannot be predicative, and consequently cannot be regarded as conditional. There is the weak point of my grammatical interpretation. Still I think that Hellenistic allows the construction which Attic disallows. Blass is authority [10] for the statement that: "A periphrasis of the verbal idea by means of εἶναι is the only case where an article could not stand" with a predicate participle. There are in the New Testament many instances of substantives, adjectives, and participles used predicatively with the article.

Nor is there any reason why an articular participle may not be used predicatively as a substitute for a protasis. The possibility of such a case seems clear in the above statement of Blass, whose authority Dr. Moulton will surely not gainsay. In fact, Heb. 12: 25 proves this possibility: *βλέπετε μὴ παραιτησησθε τὸν λαλοῦντα. εἰ γὰρ ἐκεῖνοι οὐκ ἐξέφυγον ἐπὶ γῆς παραιτησάμενοι τὸν χρηματίζοντα, πολὺ μᾶλλον ἡμεις οἱ τὸν ἀπ' οὐρανῶν ἀποστρεφόμενοι.*

"See that ye spurn not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who spurned him that spake upon earth, much the more shall we (not escape) who turn from him that speaketh to us from heaven."

This text may be set side by side with I Thes. 4: 15-17; the parallel is striking.

Dr. Moulton thinks that we have in ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες a *perfectly precise definite pronoun*, especially in view of the contrasted οἱ νεκροί. The *dead* are definite; hence *we the living* are definite. This does not follow, else a like conclusion might be drawn in Heb. 12: 25. Contrast the two texts:

[10] *Grammar of N. T. Greek*, London: 1911; 2d ed., p. 157.

I Thes. 4	Hebr. 12
οἱ νεκροί	ἐκεῖνοι
ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες	ἡμεῖς οἱ ἀποστρεφόμενοι
ἁρπαγησόμεθα	[ἐκφευξόμεθα]

In both cases we have two categories. In the first, the *dead* and the *living*; in the second, those *who then spurned him* and those that *now turn away from him.* If *we the living* are definite because contrasted with *the dead*, then *we who turn from him now* are definite because contrasted with *those who spurned him then.* We insist on this parallel: οἱ νεκροί and ἐκεῖνοι are definite. This does not prove that ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες and ἡμεῖς οἱ ἀποστρεφόμενοι are definite. The latter phrase cannot be definite; else St. Paul would be telling the Hebrews that, at the time of writing, he was actually turning from Christ and spurning him. And, if this latter phrase cannot be definite, there is no need that ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες be definite.

There is only one escape from this reasoning, only one way of admitting ἡμεῖς to be definite and to include Paul in the two texts. The articular participle must be construed predicatively and as a substitute for a protasis. Then ἡμεῖς οἱ ἀποστρεφόμενοι would be equivalent to ἡμεῖς ἐάν τὸν ἀπ' οὐρανῶν ἀποστρεφώμεθα,—"how much the more shall we [not escape], if we turn from him [that speaketh to us] from heaven"! And ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες would be equivalent to ἡμεῖς ἐὰν ζῶμεν,—"We, if we live," etc.

We do not see how Dr. Moulton or Fr. Lattey can interpret these two parallel texts without either making ἡμεῖς indefinite or admitting the articular participle to be construed as a substitute for a protasis.

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Criticisms and Notes.

SCRIPTA PONTIFICII BIBLICI INSTITUTI: EL GENESIS. Precedido de una Introducción al Pentateuco. Por L. Murillo, S.I., Professor del Instituto Biblico. Con licencia Eclesiástica. Pontificio Instituto Biblico, Roma. 1914. Pp. xxiv—872.

IL LIBRO DEI PROVERBI DI SALOMONE. Studio critico sulle Aggiunte Greco-Alessandrine del Sac. Giacomo Mezzacasa, della Pia Societa Salesiana, Dottore in Theologiae S. Scrittura. Pontificio Istituto Biblico, Roma. 1913. Pp. xii—204.

I MIRACOLI DEL SIGNORE NEL VANGELO spiegati esegeticamente praticamente da Leopoldo Fonck, S.I., Rettore del Pontificio Istituto Biblico. Volume Primo: I Miracoli nella Natura. Traduzione di Luigi Rossi-Di-Lucca. Con approvazione dell'Autorità Ecclesiastica. (Christus, Lux Mundi, Parte IV, Volume I.) Pontificio Istituto Biblico, Roma. 1914. Pp. xxviii—644.

DE DAEMONIACIS IN HISTORIA EVANGELICA. Dissertatio Exegetico-Apologetica quam exaravit Johannes Smit, Phil., Theol. et Rer. Bibl. Doctor, Professor S. Scripturae in Seminario Archdioecesis Ultraiectensis. (Scripta Pontificii Instituti Biblici.) Sumptibus Pontificii Instituti Biblici, Romae. 1913. Pp. xxiii—590.

Each separate volume on this list of Biblical works would well deserve a much more extended review than can here be allotted to the entire collection. On the other hand, some advantage may accrue to each and all by bringing the group under one conspectus. While bestowing brief notice upon individual characteristics, the reviewer may regard the separate productions as expressions of a general type and spirit. The spirit here in mind is that true conservatism in religious science which has been so distinctly signalized in the work reviewed below, *Men and Matters*. With a view to describe that spirit in its peculiar relation to Biblical studies it may be well to quote a passage from the work just mentioned:

> Let it be granted that some of the extremely speculative conclusions put forth by exponents of the higher criticism are as extravagant as the medieval belief that the syllogism could discover the secrets of nature, that they are sometimes as unreliable from their extreme fancifulness as the replies to the most insoluble problems made by those medieval schoolmen whose excessive subtlety Leo XIII gently reproved. Yet to proscribe the really scientific use of that critical method which has hold of all minds which think on such subjects, would be as ineffectual now as the bonfires fed by living rationalists were in

the Paris of 1829. On the other hand, a strenuous effort to deal with modern criticism, to keep it within its reasonable limits, to restrain by its own principles a method which professes to be cautious and experimental, but which is constantly proving itself in the highest degree theoretical, speculative, and adventurous, is just the medicine which will remedy the ills of the hour after the manner of Albertus and Thomas. If work in the field marked by the "higher criticism" is occasionally touched by some of the defects of the method it has to use, that does not make it the less necessary. If those few who are competent to undertake it are afforded no scope for their energies, humanly speaking, the movement of criticism must lead widely to the destruction of faith, especially in those masses of half-educated people for whose especial benefit the avoidance of unsettling discussions is professedly designed. It is quite true that, in the earliest stages of such a movement, the simple are those whose faith is most easily overset on a first acquaintance with the problems; but questions which are now mooted in the daily press cannot be regarded as permanently the secrets of the learned few. And when such questions are widely raised, it is precisely the simpler souls, those least qualified to meet them rationally, who most need a recognized literature, the work of men at once expert as critics and orthodox as theologians. Such a literature is the indispensable guide and authority for the average mind. Its very existence, and its recognition on the part of the official rulers, are a support to him. If it exists, his faith is saved. If it does not, humanly speaking, it goes (p. 346).

It is a Biblical literature informed by this spirit and quality that is being built up by such productions as those listed above. Emanating from the Pontifical Biblical Institute, they are the work of "men at once expert as critics and orthodox as theologians".

A brief survey serves to verify this statement in regard to the first volume on the list. The bibliographical apparatus which embraces whatever of value has been written on the Pentateuch, particularly Genesis, or connected in any way therewith, in the most recent as well as the olden times, leads one to expect what a glance through the scholarly introduction to the volume fulfills; that is, a clear, objective statement and a just examination of the various theories on the authorship and composition of the Pentateuch proposed by the higher criticism. While defending, of course, the traditional teaching defined by the Biblical Commission, Professor Murillo does so with perfect awareness of what his opponents have thought out or put forward on the other side.

The same observation applies equally to the author's discussion of the problems raised by modern scientific theories relative to the Mosaic cosmogony. The chief of these are carefully analyzed and evaluated. The author's own opinion on the fundamental problem is thus summarized: The Genesiac days represent a series of periods chronologically successive—which may have been of very unequal duration and perhaps uncertain number—during which God unfolded the creative act in its several effects corresponding to the order of their distribution in the Biblical description. This interpretation cannot be confounded: (1) with the theory known as "restitutionism", since it establishes no interruption between the primal creation

and the hexameric works; nor (2) with any of the various forms of the "idealistic" theory, since it admits the historic character and a real objective succession in the series and the days as they are distributed in the Biblical narrative; nor (3) with the "periodist" or "interperiodist" theories proposed by the "concordists", since it makes no attempt to establish a comparison between the Genesiac days and the "works" corresponding to each on the one hand, and the "periods" discovered by geogony in the evolution of the planet on the other hand; nor (4) with the "visionist" theory, since the duration of the periods relative to their corresponding effects is really objective and not simply a subjective vision.

The healthy conservatism alluded to above which actuates the author's introduction to the volume, pervades the exegesis throughout. It should be noticed that the introduction relates to the Pentateuch as a whole, but to the first book particularly. The commentary on the text, however, is limited to Genesis. It is very thorough and comprehensive, as may be inferred from the fact that it comprises considerably more than six hundred pages. Had it been written in English it would probably have been shorter and more concise; but the Latins have more time and move more leisurely, and this fact has professional as well as personal advantages.

If the foregoing work gives one a good idea of the solidity, breadth, and alertness that characterize the productions of the Biblical Institute, the second volume arrests one's attention by its critical and philological erudition. The handsome quarto embodies not a commentary on the book of Proverbs, as the title might lead one to suppose, but a minute critical study of the text—Hebrew and Greek—the codices, and versions. It is a work that only the thorough textual student can rightly appreciate, but to such a student it will prove invaluable as it brings him as close as possible to the original form of the primitive text.

The third book on our list embodies the Italian translation of a German work by Father Fonck, S.J., the Rector of the Biblical Institute. The volume treating of *The Miracles of our Lord* recorded in the Gospels is fourth in order, though the first to be published, of a projected series of studies on the Gospels. The series is designed to include three other volumes; the first, to contain a description of Palestine and its inhabitants at the time of Christ; the second, to deal with our Lord's life, and the third, with His discourses, including the parables, as well as those of His miracles which do not come under the heading comprised in the volume before us. The miracles here included are those that specifically transcend

the forces of the physical order; namely, the transformation of the water into wine at Cana, the two miraculous draughts of fishes, the tempest on the lake, the walking on the waters, the two multiplications of the loaves and fishes, the tribute money, the malediction of the fruitless fig-tree. The study of these individual "signs" is introduced by an exposition of the philosophy and theology of miracles in general and of the Gospel miracles in particular. Each miracle is then considered in detail, the text being examined, the events analyzed, the rationalistic criticism exposed, the significance of the miracle in our Lord's life explained, and the practical application indicated. The work thus becomes a rich repertory of facts, doctrine, and suggestive ideas relative to the supernatural influence of the Son of Man over physical nature. The volume contains a treasury of truths as personally interesting as they are spiritually precious. And here again the spirit of ideal conservatism emphasized above is everywhere manifest. The author both in his abundant bibliographical references and his familiarity with the whole range of pertinent criticism shows that his mind, while sanely disciplined by traditional doctrine, is in full possession of whatever new vistas have been opened out through modern research and speculation.

But if this latter observation is as true of this work as it is of Professor Murillo's commentary on Genesis mentioned above, it is no less verified in the fourth and last on our list, Dr. Smet's treatise on the demoniacal possessions narrated in the Gospels. The preparation for such a work demanded acquaintance with the mysterious phenomena of demonology which have always been intermingled with human history, though less widely and markedly in modern than in ancient times. These strange phenomena are here clearly described and thoroughly analyzed—largely as they are manifest in the Old and New Testaments but also as they are discernible in the histories of Babylon, Persia, and Greece. The various theories devised by rationalists to explain by natural causality these events are minutely discussed, and the traditional belief as to their really diabolical source solidly established. They are not asserted a priori, but are vindicated in the light of overwhelming evidence. To these fundamental investigations about half the volume is devoted. The other half is occupied with detailed studies of the individual cases of demoniacal possession recorded in the Gospels. The work is therefore both exegetical and apologetic, an exposition of the sacred record and a defence of the traditional belief in diabolic possession and of the actual exorcisms performed by Christ. Written as it is in Latin, the volume is likely to spread more widely among the clergy than the above works in Spanish or Italian; though the latter should reach the educated laity conversant with these languages.

Of these productions of Scriptural wisdom the Catholic student may well be proud. Each is a work of very superior merit and each reflects an intimate familiarity with the Sacred Text, a wide knowledge of subjects related thereto, perfect acquaintance with traditional interpretation as well as with rationalistic theories. At the same time, the whole is actuated by a sound conservatism, which holds fast to the old treasures and eagerly welcomes the new.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR AND PHYSICIAN. The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples. Translated from the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O.P., by Dom Aloysius Smith, O.R.L. Benziger Bros., New York. 1914. Pp. 358.

Disorders of the soul are very frequently caused by abnormal conditions of the body, and the converse of this proposition is both logically correct and no less experientially true. The trend of modern medicine seems to be to trace most of the physical ailments of the organism to disordered nerves. On the other hand, nervous disorders very often, if not generally, result from an irregulated mental life. And so the physician of the body should be as far as possible a pathologist of the mind, while the physician of the soul should be conversant with the abnormalities of the brain and its nerve extensions. It may safely be said that a priest cannot heal sick souls unless he be somewhat, at least, acquainted with sick nerves. The amount of knowledge he should possess on this subject is not a measurable quantity; but if he have what the book before us contains, he will be fairly well equipped for the delicate task of ministering to minds diseased.

Neurosis, hysteria, psychasthenia, in its principal forms, scruples, temptations of various kinds—on these difficult and delicate topics the volume contains a wealth of valuable information drawn from reliable authorities and confirmed by the author's long experience as director at the hydropathic institute established by the world-famed Father Kneipp at Woerishofen (Bavaria). Besides information and practical advice concerning these borderland abnormalities, the volume contains many valuable suggestions as to the spiritual helps and discipline to be employed in administering thereto. Above all, the director of souls by reading these pages realizes how definite knowledge (*scientia*) should be the essential accompaniment of spiritual insight (*pietas*), nor less that unfailing kindness must be associated with firmness, in treating mental disorders.

In view of the ever-growing non-Catholic literature on psychotherapy, faith-healing, and so on—literature that contains with some truth much error and absurdity—a work like the present, based upon

physical science, sound psychology, and moral and ascetical theology, is a real boon. Fortunately, too, the work has been well rendered into English and fittingly published.

RELIGIOUS ART IN FRANCE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Emile Mâle. Translated from the French by Dora Mussey. Third edition. Revised and enlarged with 190 illustrations. J. M. Dent & Sons, London; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1913. Pp. xv—415.

The aim of this work, which was crowned by the French Academy, is to develop the vital connexion between the art and the thought of the Middle Ages. Its author has chosen the thirteenth century because it is the period when the thought of the Middle Ages was most fully expressed in art. To the thirteenth century then, art was didactic. All that it was necessary that men should know—the history of the world from the Creation, the dogmas of religion, the examples of the saints, the hierarchy of the virtues, the range of the sciences, arts and crafts—all these were taught them by the windows of the church or by the statues in the porch. The pathetic name of *Biblia pauperum* given by the printers of the fifteenth century to one of their earliest books, might well have been given to the church. There the simple, the ignorant, all who were named "sancta plebs Dei", learned through the medium of art the highest conceptions of the theologian and scholar. The countless statues, disposed in scholarly design, were a symbol of the marvellous order that through the genius of St. Thomas Aquinas reigned in the world of thought. In the volume before us M. Mâle shows that the art of the Middle Ages is a sacred writing, obedient to the rules of a kind of sacred mathematics, a language of symbols. An artist was not allowed to ignore the traditional type of the persons he intended to represent. Thus he might not deprive St. Peter of his curls, or endow with hair the bald head of St. Paul. Moreover, the position, grouping, symmetry, and number were of extraordinary importance. Yet the great artists who, at the Renaissance, freed themselves with difficulty from tradition were no greater than the old medieval masters, who, submissive to the rule binding on all alike, were still free to give naive expression to the thought of their time. Such in outline are some of the conclusions embodied in M. Mâle's volume, which is full of real interest alike to the student and the traveller. It is a great addition to our information and furnishes a key to the bewildering richness of the greater Gothic churches in France and elsewhere, a richness which is here shown to be not merely decorative but charged with unsuspected significance. Indeed, it would be difficult to overstate the value of this thoroughly instructive and at-

tractive study in medieval Iconography and its sources of inspiration. In its present perfected form M. Mâle's monograph will undoubtedly remain the standard authority on the subject. It need be added that the work of the translator has been uniformly well done throughout and that the make-up of the book reflects the greatest credit on the publishers. The illustrations, which in a work of this kind are obviously of great importance, are admirable and most informative. A list of the principal medieval works of art devoted to the Life of Christ is given as an Appendix. There is also an extensive French bibliography and an Index of places where paintings and sculptures alluded to in the text may be found. But there is no subject-index and one is wanted.

MEN AND MATTERS. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green, & Co., New York and London. 1914. Pp. 460.

Under this comprehensive title are gathered into a general unity a number of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's essays, most of which have previously appeared in various periodicals. Needless to say, emanating as they do from so accomplished a man of letters, they are well deserving of the permanent form given to them by the present substantial volume, and should elicit a far-reaching interest. They deal with "men" primarily, and with "matters" chiefly in their "humanness"; that is, as matters reveal men, and still more as they affect the deeper and abiding interests of man. Mr. Ward's life-work has been devoted to the study of men, and in the published results of that study the art of biography attains a very high, if not an unsurpassed, degree of perfection. Wiseman, Newman, William George Ward, Aubrey de Vere—if the epoch-making histories of these noble men shall be worthily transmitted to posterity, it will be mainly due to the patient research and the consummate skill of Wilfrid Ward.

But to these larger productions Mr. Ward has added an uncounted number of shorter studies, some of which have been given to the world in *Persons and Problems*, and others are collected in the volume at hand. Disraeli, George Wyndham, Stuart Mill, Cardinal Vaughan, Tennyson—these illustrious dead receive a new life in the pages before us. Shorter studies than those mentioned above, they are no less vital and actual, for they bring to light the permanent things in their subjects—the minds, the hearts, the characters, the ideals, the aspirations of men. And they do this with a vividness, a freshness, a gracefulness—the finer bloom of true art—that cannot fail to win and hold the reader's interest while his intellect is being informed.

But the collection of essays has more than a biographical importance: it possesses no less a certain apologetic value. The latter element stands out particularly in the three papers on "The Conservative Genius of the Church", "St. Thomas Aquinas and Medieval Thought", and "Cardinal Newman and Constructive Religious Thought". The distinctive note in the writer's apologetic consists in his eminently just and keen discernment between the spirit of true and false conservatism; between, on the one hand, that spirit which, whilst holding fast to the deposit of revelation, is ever sensitive to see and seize upon whatever new point of view and fresh truth can be vitally assimilated to the permanent organism of faith and theology and, on the other hand, that opposite spirit which is either blind to the necessity or the desirability of coadjusting the claims of faith and reason, theology and science; or else, if admitting the desirability, despairs of its possibility and rests in a state of passive indifference or passive resistance to any innovation. To use Mr. Ward's illustration: "There are two classes of enemies to the true conservatism which would preserve for present use an ancient building—those who would pull it down, and those who would leave it untouched, without repairs, without the conditions which render it habitable in the present, superstitiously fearing that to alter it in *any respect* is to violate what is venerable and sacred. Had Napoleon bombarded Venice when he took it a hundred years ago, and destroyed the Palace of the Doges, he would have ruined a noble and ancient building. But had the municipality in 1899 failed to note the undermining and sapping effect of the gradual action of the water in the canal and omitted to take active steps for its repair and preservation, they too would have been destroyers. Their passivity and false conservatism would have been as ruinous to the ancient fabric as the activity and aggressiveness of the most reckless bombardment. And so the Church, with a true and not a false conservatism, has in the past resisted both classes of foes. The aggressive movements of the times she has opposed. To yield to them would have been to identify herself with partly false, partly one-sided and exaggerated phases of thought, and lose her own authority and her own individual character. But each movement witnessed to a real advance of human thought, new truth amid new error, and to fresh developments of human activity. It supplied *material* for repairs, and reconstruction within the Church, although it was unacceptable as a whole. 'The sects,' writes Cardinal Newman, 'contained elements of truth amid their errors.'" The Church, Mr. Ward goes on to say, was never prone to false conservatism. "She alternated, instead, not between resistance and passivity, but between resistance and the most active process of adaptation and assimilation." This fact re-

ceives abundant illustration throughout her history—from the days of the Gnostic heresies down to our own times. But as Mr. Ward clearly shows, "the palmary instance of [the Church's] assimilative activity . . . was the complete adaptation of theology to Aristotelian philosophy and to dialectical treatment by St. Thomas Aquinas. A reader of St. Bernard's letters would deem it almost impossible that in the century following his time a system should prevail in the Church containing so much which St. Bernard bitterly resented and condemned in Abelard. The feat was accomplished by a saintly theologian, who was devoted to and impregnated by both the Aristotelian philosophy and the Catholic tradition of the Fathers. The patristic tradition preserved the necessary conservative element in the new system. It was a gigantic scheme of conservative reform, a signal protest against the 'fossilism' which calls itself conservative, the lines of the new system being mainly determined by the intellectual conditions of the time. Averröes and Avicenna, the Arabians, and Maimonides, the Jew, had marked out the *terrain* of philosophical discussion. With the latter as an ally, and the former largely as opponents, St. Thomas went over the whole ground to be covered without flinching and left the monuments of his work which we possess—the *Summa Contra Gentiles* and the *Summa theologica.* What in Abelard had been negative and destructive became in St. Thomas's pages constructive. And the paradox was realized which Harnack describes in these words: 'The negative theologian (Abelard) really laid the foundation for the classical structure of medieval conservative theology'" (p. 306). It is declared by those who seem to be experts in reading the signs of the times that the present is a "transitional period". If so, we hope at least for the advent of another St. Thomas with a mind capable of bringing into synthetic unity the traditional Catholic system of truth and the accumulated treasures of modern science and historical research. Efforts looking toward the construction of such a synthesis have been and are active at the Louvain School of Philosophy established by Cardinal Mercier with the patronage of Leo XIII.

The spirit of true conservatism that should control the construction of the desired synthesis Mr. Ward finds in the teachings of Cardinal Newman. Some well-known writers, notably in France, have, it is true, found in those same writings sources of Modernism, and the present reviewer attended a lecture not long ago in which the speaker, a man of prominence (physical at least) patronized "poor Newman who was neither a theologian nor a historian". On the other hand, after reading the essay before us treating of "Cardinal Newman and Constructive Religious Thought", one feels safe in concluding that perhaps neither of the authorities (?) just

mentioned fully understands the eminent English writer and that Mr. Ward's interpretation of Newman's religious philosophy can be relied on as thoroughly sound and orthodox.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. The Meaning and Relations of Sculpture, Painting, Poetry, Music. By Edward Howard Griggs. B. W. Huebsch, New York. 1913. Pp. 347.

Mr. Griggs is essentially an artist, particularly a literary artist both in prose and poetry and, we might add, in oratory, as those best know who have listened to any one of the delightful "Extension" lectures which he has long been wont to give throughout this country. He is likewise a philosopher in the sense that all true poets must be in some degree philosophers, that is, possess profound intuitions into the ideal world—the world of typical forms—and the spiritual world —the world in which the spirit of man is meant to be at home. He is not, however, a philosopher in the technical sense of the term, as one who has thought out fundamentally the causes and reasons of things and has formulated and systematized the results of his investigations. Perhaps he would not care to "love" or pursue this sort of "wisdom", nor is it essential to the task he has set for himself in the work before us. He conceives of art as "the adequate and harmonious expression and interpretation, through the medium of personality and in definitely limited form, of some phase of man's life in true relation to the whole" (p. 54). The definition as thus abstractly formulated may seem at first sight vague, but in the pages of the present volume where it is aptly and adequately illustrated from the various domains of art—sculpture, painting, music, poetry —it looks right out at you from the concrete living forms of beautiful expression and bears on its face its justification and truth.

The definition given exhibits the *essence* of all art. The definitive *causes* of art, are the race, the epoch, and the personality of the artist. These enter into every masterpiece and unite to mold its matter and form; or, to use Mr. Griggs's happy illustration, "a work of art is like a wondrous shell thrown upon the shore of Time by the ocean of Humanity. We hold it to our ear and hear, clear and strong, the music of the artist's life and character; deeper and fainter, but still definite in melody, the sound of the epoch's spirit; while graver and sonorous, but still more vague and dim, is the deeper undertone of the race" (p. 139). This triple hierarchy of causality is clearly developed and very luminously illustrated by our author. The meaning or specific function of each of the great arts—sculpture, painting, music, poetry—the unity of arts, the dangers of art, the appreciation of beauty in nature and art—upon these subjects he has many

things to say which are both instructive and beautiful. Particularly sound and commendable are his ideas on the purpose of art. Again and again he smites "art-for-art's-sake's finality." Art, he insists, is for "life's sake". The end of art "is not adornment nor didactic teaching, it is not to impress us with technical skill and the mastery of difficulties, it is not to give sensuous pleasure nor esthetic satisfaction; it is for life's sake—that we may possess our heritage, grow in love and wisdom, ever toward the fuller achievement of life" (p. 325), "life" being understood by Mr. Griggs to be dominantly spiritual and, as we may infer, religious.

With comparatively rare precision he draws the distinction between imagination and intellect. A scholastic philosopher would hardly surpass the following. "It is possible to *conceive* what we can never *imagine*, because the imagination works wholly within the limits of the sensible world." Thus we can "*conceive* the existence of an immaterial soul; but when we *imagine* it, we usually represent it as an attenuated transparent body in space of three dimensions. . . . Similarly we can think the idea of an omnipresent, omniscient God, but we cannot imagine Him, and every attempt to do so ends in absurdity." When an author insists on this fundamental distinction of a sane psychology we are prepared to find the following equally sound teaching on emotion. "Even music," says Mr. Griggs, "that is sound and true art involves a certain danger, owing to the fact that it appeals so powerfully to the emotions. Emotion is the energy of life; the function of reason is regulative among desires, giving direction and control. Emotion is steam in the boiler of life that sends the engine over the road of progress; reason is the controlling engineer with his hand upon the throttle. No matter how well-trained the engineer and how perfect the machinery, if there is no steam in the boiler the engine goes nowhere. Thus no man ever accomplished anything who did not love something, hate something or desire something. On the other hand, uncontrolled emotion means a wild riot of loosened energies, as a runaway locomotive goes to smash." Now all art, but particularly music, "stimulates and refines the emotional sensibility and this is good or bad according as it is, or is not, balanced by strong self-direction and self-control. Where there is this strong directive center of character, the greater the emotional sensitiveness, the wider and deeper is the response to nature and life. Where that center is wanting, the refining of the sensibilities makes one an Æolian harp vibrating to every wind of beauty and breath of desire, until in the end one becomes a bundle of jaded nerves, giving no longer music but discord in response to the appeal of life" (p. 282). But enough. One might go on filling page upon page with such illustrations of

Mr. Griggs's teachings as a Catholic may rejoice to be able to applaud.

This of course does not imply an unequivocal endorsement of every one of the author's opinions. For instance, we would be very far from admitting that "the development of the eye" can be traced "from the simple pigment spot sensitive to light, in the body of some early animal, to the wonderful window of the soul through which we look out on the forms and colors of the world" (p. 297). Such a "development" can be asserted, but there is not the slightest evidence for "tracing" it. The human eye no less than the peacock's tail never ceased to make Darwin "feel sick", as he candidly avowed. Nor is there any serious foundation for the statement that the Semitic peoples "worshipped at first the dead chieftain—and as their religion developed they came to worship the God of the tribe, the race, and finally the king and ruler of the universe" (p. 63). There is no evidence for such a progressive series amongst the Hebrew people, the Semitic nation of whose worship we know most. It seems a rather pompous thing to say that "Dante and Spinoza were right in alike holding that *logically* perception always precedes emotion". *Ignoti nulla cupido*, like, *nil volitum quin praecognitum*, is a very ancient commonplace. Might one submit that there is no "fundamental quarrel", as is asserted (p. 270), between the metaphysicians and the artists "in this that the former seek truth in intellectual abstractions from life", while the latter "strive to attain it in creative expression in living form". The metaphysicians seek truth by objective concepts which represent true, though incomplete, aspects of reality, including life, some of which—the higher concepts —the artists clothe in forms of beauty the better to visualize, realize, the original truth which the metaphysicians abstracted. There is no contradiction, but only agreement here.

Again, is it true to say that "the sensuous pleasure" produced by a work of art "is enough"; that it "justifies itself, and is in itself worth while if we go no further" (p. 152)? Surely sensuous pleasure is never enough to justify any real work of art. Nor is it plain how such a statement harmonizes with Mr. Griggs's "moderate idealism", according to which pleasure can be at best but a means, not an end; a vehicle, and a stimulus to the ideal and the spiritual.

But once more enough. The points in which we agree with Mr. Griggs are so many and important that the points of difference, if not quite negligible, do not withhold us from recommending his book as a worthy contribution to a worthy subject, a noble tribute to a noble theme.

THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE. By Joseph Donat, S.J., D.D., Professor at the Innsbruck University. Joseph Wagner, New York. 1914. Pp. 428.

The author of this substantial work is well known to students of philosophy by his series of Latin manuals or text-books, which, while scholastic in content and form, are quite abreast with recent science on those questions of cosmology and psychology wherein experimental research and philosophical speculation are interassociated. Father Donat's German work *Die Freiheit der Wissenschaft* (which was described in the present REVIEW some three years ago) has created considerable interest in the fatherland. The work is a solid and original contribution to the subject and is written in an attractive form, the severe technicalities of the theme being smoothed out by the author's genial manner and style. We presume the publisher of the present English version of the book just mentioned is likewise the translator. He has rendered the work creditably, faithfully, and on the whole readably. Some references made by the author to German books have been curtailed or omitted as being relatively unimportant for the English reader. Perhaps it might have been just as well if the curtailment had been still more extensive as regards at least matters that touch conditions peculiar to Germany. This of course would have meant editing rather than translating the work, a task which the translator probably did not find himself in a position to undertake. Doubtless, too, the difficulties with which the relations between science and faith, freedom of thought and authority, have been troubled, especially by modern free-thinkers, demand roomy explication and for this reason the four hundred solid octavo pages may be not too many. At any rate, Mr. Wagner deserves well of the cause of truth—of science as well as of faith—by placing this masterly treatise within the reach of the English reader. We should have to search long in any language, and certainly vainly in English, for so thorough and so scholarly a treatment of the scope of science and faith, and their interrelations.

Literary Chat.

Saint Louis, King of France: 1215-1270, is the title of a new volume of the Notre Dame Series of Lives of the Saints. (Sands & Co., London; pp. vii-264.) A romantic legend flings its light over the life of St. Louis, in whom we have the medieval ideal of a monarch realized as nearly as possible, and this anonymous biography, which is based on the picturesque writings of the Sire de Joinville of Geoffrey of Beaulieu, the King's confessor, and on lesser known contemporary authorities, gives a vivid and sympathetic account of the holy king in his statesmanship and ideals as ruler and judge and, incidentally,

it instils new life into the old story of his Crusades. Perhaps nothing throws more light on the mind of the Saint than his "Instructions" to his son and daughter, and the author has done well to give these as an appendix. A most attractive feature of the volume are the seven quaint illustrations which have been well chosen and admirably reproduced. There is a good index and the book is attractively bound.

The Scapular and Some Critics, by the Rev. P. E. Magennis, O.C.C. (pp. xvi-257) deals with the merely historical aspect of the question of the Scapular Vision of St. Simon Stock. The author, who is Assistant General of the Carmelites, is temperate in his statements and guarded in his conclusions. He does not, like some other writers on the same subject, think it right to help one fact with fable. The opening chapters in particular may be recommended to those who have not hitherto concerned themselves with the history of the Scapular. They are not intended to be in any sense controversial. Any one who has made a deep and constant study of the question will, Fr. Magennis contends, readily accept the traditional account of the origin of the Scapular as a satisfactory expression of its real history. (Rome: Istituto Pio IX.)

Dante and Aquinas, by Philip H. Wicksteed, is the substance of the Jowett Lectures for 1911 and aims at giving the student a connected idea of the general theological and philosophical background of the Divine Comedy. The author seems more at home when dealing with Dante than when treating of St. Thomas. The sketch of the scholastic philosophy, and especially of the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, which he gives will probably evoke different appreciations from different readers, and some, at least, of the views expressed by the author will perhaps be received with a certain measure of reserve or qualification. But there is much in the present volume that is thoughtful and suggestive and Mr. Wicksteed deserves our thanks for seeking to throw out the distinctive features of Dante's work against the accepted and authoritative exposition of the received philosophy and theology of his time. An index is most desirable in a book of this kind, but for some reason it has been omitted. (London: Dent; New York: Dutton; pp. xii-271.)

Under the title of *Raccolta degli Atti Principali pubblicati da S. E. Il Card. D. Falconio durante il suo Ministero in Italia (1885-1899),* the Rev. Liberato Tosti, D.D., has published a characteristic selection from the more notable encyclicals and other letters issued by Cardinal Falconio during his laborious and fruitful ministry in Italy as Provincial of the Friars Minor in the Abruzzi, as Bishop of Lacedonia, and as Archbishop of the United Sees of Acerenza and Matera. As an Appendix the editor has reprinted a number of articles on the Catholic Priesthood written by Cardinal Falconio when Bishop and which contribute not a little to the practical utility of the volume. Like his Eminence's pastoral letters, these articles are distinguished by their directness, lucidity, vigor, and zeal. They are well worthy of being preserved in a permanent form and Dr. Tosti deserves thanks for his enterprise and industry in thus putting them within the reach of the general reader. (Rome: Tip. Pontificia nell' Istituto Pio IX.)

So complicated is the early history of the various heretical sects which separated from the Franciscan Order on account of the disputes concerning Poverty and which loomed large in Italy during the fourteenth century under the name of the *Fraticelli* that the discovery and publication of any authentic documents that help to disentangle it must be reckoned a distinct asset. P. Livarius Oliger, O.F.M., has, therefore, rendered a signal service to the study of the whole question in his latest work, *Documenta Inedita ad Historiam Fraticellorum Spectantia* (Quaracchi; pp. iv-207), which speaks of enormous reading and painstaking research. The importance of this volume lies, however, in its elaborate references to and copious extracts from different official

and private documents hitherto inedited which tend to throw much new light on the origin and evolution of the Fraticelli as a whole.

To those who watch at all the outpouring of the Catholic press in France, the volume and excellent quality of the unceasing stream is a matter for wonderment. We of English tongue pride ourselves, and justly, too, on our stately *Catholic Encyclopedia*, but the French have been for several years sending forth in periodical parts at least four encyclopedias dealing with as many distinct departments of knowledge, the Bible, Theology, Apologetics, Christian Antiquities and Liturgy. Each of these colossal productions does honor to the learning and zeal of the Church in France.

An undertaking only second in importance and value to those just mentioned is the *Histoire Générale de l'Église*, by the Abbé Mourret, professor in Saint-Sulpice, Paris. The work is planned for eight volumes, two of which (the *Church and the Nations* and the *Renaissance and the Reformation*) have been on former occasions warmly recommended in the REVIEW. The latest volume to appear treats of the French Revolution (*l'Église et la Révolution*: 1775-1823), the *Ancien Régime* having been dealt with in the immediately preceding portion, a volume that has not come under our notice. The recent volume just mentioned will be considered more in detail in a future number.

Collections of sermons never cease to flow from the French press. Among the more recent are: (1) the *Vade Mecum des Prédicateurs* by two missionaries. It is an excellent repertory of every variety of sermon plans and sketches for every Sunday and festival, and for all manner of occasions. The volume is now in its fifth edition. (2) *La Prédication Populaire*, by Abbé Pailler, is a collection of sermons all drawn from the Fathers, Doctors, and Saints of the Church. (3) Womans' Tongue (*La Langue des Femmes*) contains (the book does, not the tongue!) ten pointed sermons for women on a very delicate and difficult theme—women's sins of the tongue. The author is Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons-sûr-Marne. (4) *Dans la Chambre du Malade* is not a collection of sermons, but a treasury of thoughts and suggestions helpful for the sick and their attendants. (5) The Morning Hour (*l'Heure du Matin*, 2 volumes) by the Abbé Gros is a good meditation book for the priest. He who uses it will find himself equipped for any emergency. All the foregoing volumes are issued from the press of Pierre Téqui (Paris), as is also a new and very interesting study of Père Gratry (*Une Ame de Lumière*).

"A few words" at funeral obsequies are easily said and sometimes for that very reason were better left unsaid. The custom of having no sermon on such occasions prevails in many places, the eloquence of death being rightly thought to be more effective than that of the living. On the other hand, a short and well prepared sermon at the bier is not seldom a messenger of grace. As an aid to the preparation of such sermons a recent volume entitled *Short and Practical Funeral Addresses*, by the Rev. Anthony Hayes, will be found helpful. There are 115 discourses, adapted to every variety of subject, person, and condition of life. The volume is published by Joseph Wagner (New York), who has recently issued also a collection of sketches for sermons on the Creed, the Means of Grace, and the Commandments. The volume is entitled *The Word of God preached to Children*, by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. The material is republished from the *Homiletic Monthly*. The sermons are short, practical, to the point, aptly illustrated; in a word, they are well adapted to the needs of the little ones.

The fortunate possessors of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* are receiving during these days the Index volume of the work, and doubtless most of them are realizing afresh the truth of the old saw, *finis coronat opus*. The fifteen volumes hitherto issued are made many times more useful—and assuredly they

were most valuable on their own account—by this supplementary section of a great literary enterprise.

In point of size (960 pages) this Index part is in effect a sixteenth volume of the *Encyclopedia*. There are in it 775 pages devoted to the Index proper, while 60 pages are occupied with "Courses of Reading" in some of the subjects treated in the body of the work, and some 90 pages contain articles supplementary to those given in the earlier volumes. The promptness with which the Editors have furnished this thorough key to the treasury of information contained in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* is deserving of the highest praise.

Additions to our "Question Box" literature are always welcome, especially if they come up to the degree of excellence attained in a recent small volume entitled *Questions and Answers on the Catholic Church*. The answers are by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A. (St. Louis, Mo., Herder.) The questions are real: they really have been asked and by all sorts of persons and on very various occasions, and they are worth while answering. Most of them are timely and all touch things vital and fundamental. Moreover they are really answered, clearly and concisely.

May we point out in the sixth question (p. 15) what seems to be an inaccuracy? We read: "Our necessary ignorance of the positive nature of the infinite is shown by the word itself, which expresses all that we can know about it—viz. that it is *not finite*" (author's italics). The *word* infinite, whilst obviously negative, is *conceptually* positive. Do we not know something *positive* about the infinite, viz. that it (He) contains supereminently all the perfections actually found in creation and all the perfections possible thereto? Again, in regard to the eleventh question, it is true not only that "we have no reason for supposing that the 'souls' of animals can survive the death of their bodies," but we are *certain* that they *cannot* survive. This indeed may be inferred from the author's reasoning further on; still it might be just as well to be positive and explicit in a matter which is too often muddled by maudlinism.

To the neat little booklets of the Angelus Series has recently been added *Maxims from the Writings of Mgr. Benson*, by the Compiler of the *Thoughts from Augustine Birrell*, etc. There is a sententious thought apposite for each day of the year. (New York, Benziger Bros.)

The *Child of Mary's Own Manual* is a collection of instructions and devotions for Our Lady's Sodalists (same publishers). *Thesaurus Fidelium* is a serviceable manual for persons who desire to lead a life of prayer in the world. It is compiled by a Carmelite Tertiary (H. M. K.) and contains a preface by Mgr. Benson. (New York, Longmans, Green & Co.)

The handy vest-pocket *Epitome Theologiae Moralis Universae* excerpted from Noldin by Dr. Charles Telch, professor at the Josephinum (Columbus, Ohio), appears in a second emended edition. We need only reëmphasize our previous commendation of this valuable little vade-mecum for priest and seminarian. (New York, Pustet.)

From the Paulist Press (New York) comes an attractive little volume with the title *The Saviour's Life in the Words of the Four Gospels*. The text is distributed under appropriate headings, with indications of places and times. An aid to meditation and to preaching.

The papers—three in all—read at the Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Priests' Eucharistic League of the Diocese of Green Bay, held at Green Bay, Wisconsin, 10 December, 1913, contain good practical suggestions on frequent Communion, the People's Eucharistic League, and on Benediction. Work of this kind deserves publication and propagation.

Distinguishing from belief and religion the sense of reverence and devotion toward an ever-present divinity, a certain interior worship of the heart, M. André Bremond in a bright little volume entitled *La Piété Grecque* draws forth from the treasured teachings of Socrates, from Nicias, Xenophon, and especially Plato, sufficient evidence to show that, while these types of Greek thought and culture were not free from the corruptions and errors of paganism, they were by no means devoid of that habit of soul which is not inaptly expressed by the term *piété* as defined above by M. Bremond. While not an exhaustive study of the subject, it is *piquante,* luminous, and suggestive. It will interest both the philosopher and the apologist. (Paris: Bloud et Cie.)

All of us of course have made up our minds regarding "the ritual murder" about which we read, or at least saw, so much in the press some months ago. The murder was indeed committed—but the purpose? The bare thought of such an accustation was too absurd to get head-room. However, most things have two sides, and "the ritual murder" is unfortunately amongst the bilaterals. Read, if you will, a recent book entitled *Le Crime Rituel chez les Juifs,* by Albert Monniot. Edouard Drumont contributes the preface. It is no harebrained, sensational bit of fanaticism, but a well-documented examination of the whole subject, its past history and its recent horrible phase. Incidentally it throws some sidelight on the persecution of the Church, especially in Latin Europe. Doubtless the sense of injustice which the consciousness of the secret agencies actuating this war against Christianity calls forth in M. Monniot's soul, somewhat inflames his style in the present book; but the value of his work must be estimated by the evidence he produces, not by the fervor of his language. The publisher is Pierre Téqui (Paris).

The tenth in the series of volumes on the Popes of the Middle Ages by Dr. Horace Mann has just appeared. It covers the years from 1159 to 1198. This splendid production, the whole *magnum opus,* together with other works on the Papacy, will be given adequate consideration in a near number of the REVIEW. Herder (St. Louis) is the publisher, who likewise has just issued Dr. Mann's *Nicholas Breakspear* (Hadrian IV). The latter work is for the most part a reprint, with some additions, of the corresponding biography published in the ninth volume of the large work mentioned above. The separate publication of the life of the *one English* Pope places the book within reach of readers who would not wish to purchase the larger work, a convenience which is further facilitated by the very small price for the handsome volume (one dollar).

The host of the late Canon Sheehan's friends, among whom the readers of the REVIEW are proud to be numbered, will be rejoiced by this announcement of a posthumous book of the late Canon Sheehan of Doneraile. The author of *My New Curate,* though dead yet speaketh, not only through the lessons he gave to the public during his lifetime, but also through a new story of his that his publishers (Longmans, Green & Co.) are even now getting ready for press. The title is *The Graves of Kilmorna: A Story of '67.* Those who have been permitted to read the MS. agree in the opinion that this tale of the Fenian trouble of 1867 is the most dramatic of all the Sheehan books. The date of the publication of the new volume will be more definitely announced later.

The little pamphlet entitled *Our Catholic Sisterhoods,* by Ambrose Reger, O.S.B., ought to do much good in dispelling the darkness of ignorance and prejudice regarding convent life. Its small price (fifty copies for one dollar) makes it easy of wide circulation (Techny, Ill.: Society of the Divine Word). The same is true of two other wee booklets by the same author and publisher—*Facts and Reasons* and *How Johnny was Baptized*—as we have had previous occasion to remark.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

COMMENTARII THEOLOGICI. Auctore Joanne MacGuinness, C.M., in Collegio Hibernorum Parisiensi Theologiae Professore. Editio altera. Tomus Primus complectens Tractatus de Religione Revelata ejusque Fontibus, de Ecclesia Christi, de Deo Uno. Tomus Secundus complectens Tractatus de Deo Trino et Creatore, de Verbo Incarnato, de Gratia et de Virtutibus infusis. Tomus Tertius complectens Tractatus de Sacramentis in Genere et Specie ac de Deo Consummatore. P. Lethielleux, Parisiis; M. H. Gill & Son, Dublinii. 1910-1913. Pp. xvii-714, xxiv-638, et xii-677. Price, each 6/-*net* (sold separately).

SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR AND PHYSICIAN. The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples. From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O.P., Chaplain to the Kneipp Institute at Woerishofen (Bavaria). Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C.R.L. Benziger Bros., New York. 1914. Pp. xxiv-334.

THESAURUS FIDELIUM. A Manual for those who desire to lead Prayerful Lives in the World. Compiled by a Carmelite Tertiary (H.M.K.). With a Preface by the Very Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London. 1914. Pp. xxiv-182. Price, $0.80 *net*.

GEISTLICHE UBUNGEN FUR DIE VORBEREITUNG DER KINDER AUF DEN WEISSEN SONNTAG. Drei Serien mit mehreren Ansprachen für die Kommunionfeier. Von Oskar Witz, Pfarrer in Raugendigen. B. Herder, Freiburg im Br., und St. Louis. Pp. 155. Price, $0.70.

MYSTIC TREES. By Michael Field. B. Herder, St. Louis. Pp. 146. Price, $1.50 *net*.

EL LIBRO DE ORO DE LA DEVOCION AL CORAZON DE JESUS. Por el Padre Jose Hilgers, S.J. Traduccion por el Padre Sabino Aznavez, S.J. B. Herder, St. Louis. Pp. 308. Price, $0.75.

EPITOME THEOLOGIAE MORALIS UNIVERSAE per Definitiones, Divisiones et summaria Principia pro Recollectione Doctrinae Moralis et ad immediatum usum Confessarii et Parochi, excerpta e Summa Theol. mor. R. P. Hier. Noldin, S.J., a Carolo Telch, Doctore S. Theologiae et professore, Theologiae Moralis et Iuris Canonici in Pontificio Collegio Iosephino, Columbi Ohioensis, U.S.A. Editio secunda emendatior. Typis et sumptibus Fel. Rauch (L. Pustet), Oeniponte; Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. 1913. Pp. xxxiv-553. Price, $0.95.

A TRUE, SINCERE, AND MODEST DEFENCE OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS. By William Allen. (Vol. 2, *The Catholic Library.*) B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, $0.30.

DANS LA CHAMBRE DU MALADE. Consolations et Conseils, Delassements et Souvenirs. Par le Chanoine S. Decorne, Doyen honoraire. Avec une Préface de Monseigneur Baunard, Recteur des Facultés Catholiques de Lille. Deuxième édition. Pierre Téqui, Paris. 1914. Pp. xi-353. Prix, 3 *fr.* 50.

VADE MECUM DES PRÉDICATEURS pour Dominicales, Fêtes, Sermons, Panégyriques, Avent, Carême, Adoration, Mission, Retraites diverses, Mois de Marie et du Rosaire, Allocutions, etc. Par Deux Missionnaires, auteurs de nombreux Ouvrages de Prédication et de Sciences sacrées. Troisième édition, augmentée de nouveaux Plans et Canevas, d'une Table analytique et de nombreuses lettres épiscopales aux auteurs. Pierre Téqui, Paris. 1914. Pp. xvi-790. Prix, 5 *fr.*

THE SCAPULAR MEDAL AND THE FIVE SCAPULARS. According to the Latest Roman Decrees and the Thirteenth Edition of Beringer's "Indulgences". By the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R., author of *Manual of Theology for the Laity*, etc. Benziger Bros., New York. 1914. Pp. 29. Price, $0.05 *postpaid.*

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Illuminated after the Style of the Fourteenth Century. St. Bede's Press, London; B. Herder, St. Louis. 1914. Price, $0.60.

THE CHILD OF MARY'S OWN MANUAL. Compiled from Approved Sources by Canon Coelenbier. Benziger Bros., New York. 1914. Pp. 228. Price, $0.30 *net.*

HOW JOHNNY WAS BAPTIZED. By the Rev. Ambrose Reger, O.S.B. A Narrative with a Lesson. Permissu Superiorum. Mission Press of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. 1914. Pp. 40. Price, $0.05.

FACTS AND REASONS. An Open Letter to Protestants. By the Rev. Ambrose Reger, O.S.B. 70th thousand. Mission Press of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. 1914. Pp. 19. Price, $0.05.

RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE. A Lenten Course. By the Rev. Andrew Hamerle, C.SS.R. Joseph F. Wagner, New York. 1914. Pp. 59. Price, $0.40 *net.*

SHORT AND PRACTICAL FUNERAL ADDRESSES. By the Rev. Anthony Hayes. Joseph F. Wagner, New York; B. Herder, London and St. Louis. 1914. Pp. 336. Price, $1.50 *net.*

THE WORD OF GOD PREACHED TO CHILDREN. A Course of Sketches for Sermons, on the Creed, The Means of Grace, and The Commandments. By the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. Joseph F. Wagner, New York. 1913. Pp. 378. Price, $1.50 *net.*

PHILOSOPHY.

DER SOZIALE KATHOLIZISMUS IN DEUTSCHLAND BIS ZUM TODE KETTELERS. Von Dr. Albert Franz. (*Apologetische Tagesfragen.* 15 Heft.) Volksvereins-Verlag, M. Gladbach. 1914. Seiten 259. Preis, 3.00 *Mark.*

WOLLEN EINE KONIGLICHE KUNST. Gedanken über Ziel und Methode der Willensbildung und Selbsterziehung. Von Prof. Dr. Martin Fassbender. Neue Ausgabe. B. Herder, Freiburg im Br., und St. Louis. Pp. 204. Preis, $0.55.

L'ENIGMA DELLA VITA E I NUOVI ORIZZONTI DELLA BIOLOGIA. Introduzione allo Studio delle Scienze Biologiche (con 146 figure nel testo). Por Agostino Gemelli, O.M., Docento di psicologia sperimentale nella R. Universita di Torino. 2 Vols. Libreria Editrice Fiorentina, Firenze. 1914. Pp. xxviii-818. Prezzo dei due volumi, L. 12.-

THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE. By Joseph Donat, S.J., D.D., Professor Innsbruck University. Joseph F. Wagner, New York. 1914. Pp. ix-419. Price, $2.50 *net.*

WAGES AND HOURS OF LABOR IN THE BUILDING AND REPAIRING OF STEAM RAILROAD CARS: 1890 to 1912. U. S. Dept. of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics. Royal Meeker, Commissioner. (*Bulletin of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics*, Whole No. 137. *Wages and Hours of Labor Series*: No. 6.) 1 December, 1913. Government Printing Office, Washington. 1914. Pp. 89.